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The Listener

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A New Window on the Universe

By H. S. W. Massey

Henry James and the Young Men

By Leonard Woolf

Ingmar Bergman as Film Director

By J. G. Weightman

William Collins: Poet of Echoes

By J. M. Cohen

Restrictive Practices in the Cotton Industry

By J. A. G. Griffith

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Mr. Nehru and the Problem of Kerala

By FRANCIS WATSON

Mr. Namboodiripad, Chief Minister of Kerala, is at present visiting Delhi.

THE trouble in the South Indian State of Kerala is likely to go on, despite Mr. Nehru's visit. Though he would have wished the issue between the Kerala Government and the combined opposition to be fought out at the polls, and though he does not approve of all the methods of demonstration adopted by the followers of his own Congress Party, he has recognized what he calls 'a popular upsurge' in the State—and Mr. Nehru knows something about popular upsurges. It is not in fact the actual incidents which have attracted such wide attention. It is their political context which gives them uncommon significance.

The situation in Kerala is in fact unique. The State is administered by the only Communist Government in history to have come to power by fair and free elections. It is at the same time the only Communist Government in the world that can be removed by the same process. Indeed, if the possibility of voting the Communists out again had not been secured to the people of Kerala by the Constitution of India, it is highly unlikely that they would have voted them in. As it is, and even though the full force of Communism cannot be exerted because of the constitutional curb of the Central Government, there has been serious friction and disturbance over the past year. The Communists are alleged to have used their control of the administration of finance and the police for party advantage, to have connived at political assassinations and to have violated the guaranteed rights of citizens.

Flagrant maladministration, if proved, could be met by the President of India using his emergency powers to supersede the

State Ministry. It has been done before. But Mr. Nehru and the Indian Government have resisted suggestions that it should be done in Kerala: because this test—where a State Government is of a different complexion from the Central Government—is one that Indian democracy was designed to meet, and Mr. Nehru wants to see it survive the challenge. He has been extremely careful not to threaten the Kerala Government with action from the centre, in case this should appear to be using the Constitution for party ends. He has told the Kerala Prime Minister, Mr. Namboodiripad, that in similar circumstances a Congress Government would have resigned and faced the polls again. It was not likely that Mr. Namboodiripad would have taken this hint. The opposition parties have combined in demonstrations and mass action because they have concluded that to await a general election would enable the Communists to increase their power by shady methods and—the culminating grievance—to get a grip on more than 7,000 schools which in this very literate part of India are run privately by Hindu and Roman Catholic organizations.

The concessions which Mr. Nehru has persuaded the Kerala Government to offer will not satisfy its opponents, now thoroughly aroused. What does emerge is that Mr. Namboodiripad's main concern is to keep the party in office and to make the most of this curious opportunity for the Communists to pose as upholders of the Constitution and victims of undemocratic methods. What lies beneath this is the question for the Communist Party of India of whether they will be better served at this stage by working within the democratic framework or by direct attempts to destroy it. This is still, despite party resolutions, a question that divides the Indian Communists.

—General Overseas Service

The Recent Elections in Iceland

By F. S. NORTHEDGE

THE 90,000 voters of Iceland went recently to the polls to elect a new Parliament. The most striking thing about the results to hand is the setback suffered by the Communists. Their vote seems to have fallen by as much as a quarter—all the more surprising in view of the powerful role of the Communists in recent Icelandic politics. At the other extreme, the parties of the right and centre have improved their position. They won several seats from the left and may form the basis of a new coalition. A big factor in this swing to the right appears to have been the effects of Russia's action in Hungary in 1956. Like most Communist parties outside the Soviet Union, Iceland's Communists have never really recovered from that shock. And there has also been the relative failure of the Communists to profit from their campaign both against Britain in the fisheries question and against Iceland's membership of Nato.

But to see the meaning of these results we have to look at the position *before* the elections. The last Parliament was elected in 1956. The Independence Party, a coalition of Liberals and Conservatives held nineteen seats out of a total of fifty-two. The Progressives, the moderate reform party, had seventeen seats, the Social Democrats eight and the Socialist Unity Party—which has a Communist programme—also had eight seats. So a Coalition Government was formed out of the Progressive, the Social Democrat, and the Socialist Unity parties, with Mr. Jonasson, the leader of the Progressives, as Prime Minister. That Government ran into difficulties last year. There was a severe inflation crisis. In May the Government imposed an import tax to provide higher subsidies for the fishing industry. But the cost of living rose by 9 per cent, and the trade unions refused to call off their wage demands. Last December the Coalition broke down on this question. Eventually a caretaker Government was formed by Mr. Jonasson, and the elections were intended to provide a broad basis of support for him. So that we may expect somewhat firmer measures to curb inflation from the new Government.

Then there was the bitter dispute with Britain and other fishing nations over Iceland's wish to extend her territorial waters to a width of twelve miles. That caused a Cabinet crisis early last summer, when the Minister of Fisheries, Mr. Josepsson, a Communist, wanted to proclaim the twelve-mile limit irrespective of the results of the Geneva Conference on the law of the sea. The new limit came into effect last September. We remember the acute crisis this caused in relations with Britain, the British claim being that the Geneva conference had not agreed on this question and therefore the position remained what it was before. Naturally the Communists tried to make capital out of the quarrel. In the election campaign they accused the other parties of wanting to betray Iceland's interests in the matter. But there is no evidence of this. The new elections should make possible a compromise on the fisheries question, but we cannot expect Iceland's basic position to alter much.

There is also the question of Iceland's relations with Nato. Of course, Iceland makes no military contribution to Nato—she has neither army nor navy. But we have only to look at the map to see the strategic importance of the country. Communist agitation has centred on the charge that the United States base at Keflavik has tended to worsen the inflation problem and has made the country a target for attack. From the outside, Russia has been chiming in. She sides with Iceland in the fisheries dispute. Last August she agreed to supply Iceland with credits to buy fishing vessels in East Germany. But, although Iceland's links with Nato have been strained, they have never snapped. The recent election may repair them.

The main need is for some settlement of the territorial waters question which meets the interests of all concerned. Besides that, there are internal economic problems. A country depending for 97 per cent. of its exports on fish can hardly avoid financial troubles. All these questions will face the new Government.

—General Overseas Service

The West German Presidential Election

By ALASTAIR BURNET

DR. HEINRICH LÜBKE, the new West German President, has until now been Minister of Agriculture in Dr. Adenauer's government. He is sixty-five and a Roman Catholic from Westphalia. He has an excellent anti-Nazi record, but he has been little known in West Germany, except among the farmers. No one doubts that he will be a diligent and dignified President, even if he has still to show the intellectual stature and social understanding of his predecessor, President Heuss. But it is an uncomfortable fact that Dr. Lübke has been elected because two other members of the Christian Democrat Party who were better qualified for the job, Dr. Adenauer and Dr. Erhard, had both refused it.

The election is clearly Dr. Adenauer's success as much as Dr. Lübke's. Dr. Adenauer suddenly reversed his own decision to stand for the Presidency. He said the international situation was too serious for him to step down from being Chancellor. But many Germans suspected it was because he could not hope to have his own way as President. This set off an open quarrel between Dr. Adenauer and Dr. Erhard, the Economics Minister, who had expected to take over the Chancellor's job when Dr. Adenauer left it.

This personal rivalry threatened to split the Christian Democrat Party, and there was a distinct possibility at one time that

Professor Carlo Schmid, the Social Democrat candidate, might be elected. But party discipline seems to have held firm in the end.

Despite threats of revolt and division, Dr. Adenauer has kept his Christian Democrat ranks firmly together behind Dr. Lübke. For the moment, the fact that Dr. Lübke is a Roman Catholic seems to break the unwritten West German rule that the Presidency and Chancellorship should not both be held by men of the same religion. But if Dr. Erhard, a Protestant, eventually succeeds Dr. Adenauer the balance should be restored.

The election has been held in West Berlin despite Russian and East German protests, and despite Dr. Adenauer's own doubts about the wisdom of risking Communist retaliation. West Berlin has not been generally considered as belonging to the Federal Republic, and the Berlin representatives who sit in the Parliament in Bonn are not normally allowed to vote there. Although President Heuss was elected at a ceremony in Berlin in 1954, the international situation has worsened since then. On the Communist side the present election has been said to cast doubt on the American, British, and French claims that they alone have legal rights in West Berlin. Had the Geneva Conference still been sitting it is possible that the Allies would have refused permission for the election to be held there.

—From a talk in the General Overseas Service

Light and Shade in Dr. Salazar's Portugal

By PATRICK SMITH, B.B.C. special correspondent

THE first impression of Portugal is of a smiling countryside. At this time of the year it is at its best, with dense cork forests, luxuriant vineyards and rich rice-fields, often bounded by the grey-green Atlantic. In its cities, the unique flowery Gothic architecture of some of the Portuguese cathedrals, built in what is known as the Manueline style, and the sober solidity of many public and private buildings skirting the great squares, are all tokens of Portugal's powerful past. Along the broad avenues the shops are well stocked with goods from all over Europe and America—a tangible sign of the healthy foreign exchange situation of the country. The escudo today can look any currency squarely in the eye. So the Salazar regime has much to its credit on the economic side, even if wages are still relatively low and conditions of employment none too secure. When he came to power first, Dr. Salazar was primarily a financial expert. He has run his country and its colonies rather as a thrifty housewife budgets carefully with her house-keeping money.

There is, of course, the reverse of the medal. There is still a great gap between the relatively few rich and the masses of the poor in Portugal. In some areas, I was told on the best authority, many are still not far off starvation. Education, by our standards, is not widespread: the school-leaving age is eleven—for those who go to school. Portugal boasts three universities, including one of the oldest in Europe, that of Coimbra, where Dr. Salazar and some of his Government were professors. Indeed, the didactic tone of the university rostrum can be noted in many of the utterances of the Salazar Government. This, among other things, is what irks many Portuguese now in their thirties, who feel that they are old enough to take a hand in running affairs instead of being lectured to and told to do what is best for them.

Opponents told me, with some bitterness, that in the thirty or so years he has been in power, Salazar has managed to camouflage his totalitarian regime with a certain outward respectability. These opponents admit that he is a dedicated man though they point out that he has never travelled to any of the Portuguese colonies and hardly ever set foot outside his own country. They admit, too, that his Government is far less corrupt than that of Spain. Yet before long the Portuguese Opposition will talk of the widespread activities of the state security police, known as PIDE, some of whom were trained by the Gestapo and who are said to use similar methods. And they will talk, too, of the fairly frequent deportation, without fair trial, of political opponents of the regime to the Cape Verde Islands, and of the general censorship of the press. From many conversations with Portuguese, I sensed one underlying grievance; it is that Salazar, like Franco, and like Hitler and Mussolini for that matter, before him, is maintained in power by the secret police and the army, over which he has complete control.

The question so often put in Portugal these days is: what will happen when Salazar goes? He has already passed his seventieth birthday. Some Portuguese told me that the regime will be carried on roughly in the same way, with the army and the secret police transferring their loyalty to Salazar's successor,

whoever he may be. Other Portuguese express the fear that when Salazar does depart from the political scene there will be internal strife, out of which, with luck, some more flexible form of government may eventually be born. Still others told me, with quiet but intense conviction, that there will not be enough lamp-posts from which to hang members of the PIDE, the secret police, and that something of the nature of a Budapest uprising may well result.

The Government has launched a new six-year plan of economic development which will require an investment of £375,000,000. The total annual budget for Portugal is £120,000,000. The plan aims at a general improvement in the standard of living, the development of industry, agriculture, and communications, with more opportunities for employment. About one third of the total sum will go into the overseas territories—particularly Angola and Mozambique in Africa. At present, there are about 250,000 Portuguese living overseas: their future, as well as that of the 9,000,000 in Portugal itself, is closely bound up with that of the Salazar regime.

One interesting straw in the wind is the recent change in attitude of the Roman Catholic Church which, though not established as in Spain, has hitherto worked hand-in-glove with Doctor Salazar. Today the Portuguese hierarchy is pulling away from the Salazar regime. The Roman

Catholic Bishop of Oporto has openly criticized Doctor Salazar for failing to help the masses of the population. Some Portuguese believe, too, that the delay in sending a new Papal Nuncio, who has only just arrived—nearly seven months after the Pope's coronation—can be interpreted as a sign of Vatican displeasure. It may also be, to a Church which has known periods of power and persecution down the centuries, a recognition that fresh forces are beginning to stir in Portugal, awaiting the opportunity at present denied them by an authoritarian, if paternalist, regime.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)



Grape pickers in the vineyards of Estremadura, Portugal

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Restrictive Practices in the Cotton Industry

By J. A. G. GRIFFITH

WHEN a government finds itself faced with a political or economic or social problem, two questions immediately arise: ought we, as a government, to do anything about it? If so, what particular administrative device ought we to use to solve it?

The first question—ought we to do anything about it?—may be answered differently according to the political colour of the government. In the first half of the nineteenth century, for example, a Tory government was, by philosophy, more likely to think that it should take action while a Whig government might need more conclusive proof that its intervention would be beneficial. Ought we to do anything about it? is a question about the desirable limits of state activity. The second question—what administrative device shall we use?—is less obviously political; but today, perhaps more than in the nineteenth century, much attention is paid to it and the answer does in fact have political implications. Shall we use a special tribunal or the ordinary courts of law? Shall we set up a new public authority or leave it to the most appropriate government department? Shall we lay down a new general principle or deal with each case as it arises? Ought the criminal law to be invoked or shall we merely enable a private person who suffers damage to bring his own action?

Constitutional Development

This problem of technique has been an important part of the discussions and disagreements about the control which governments should exercise over monopolies and restrictive practices. The political parties today agree that governments should take some action. The Labour Government in 1948 set up a Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission. The present Government has retained the Monopolies Commission for some investigations but has established a Court to deal with restrictive practices. This is a constitutional development of some importance and it is this Court and the most important of its decisions that I am discussing here.

The Restrictive Trade Practices Act of 1956 provided for the establishment of the Restrictive Practices Court. The members of the Court are five judges, selected by the Lord Chancellor, and not more than ten other persons, appointed on his recommendation, having knowledge or experience of industry, commerce or public affairs. This idea of combining judicial and lay members on a Court is unusual. The mixture of judicial and lay is of course at the heart of the jury system, but there the functions of judge and jury are differentiated and separated. The special characteristic of the Restrictive Practices Court is the appointment of judges with their legal learning and particular laymen chosen because of their individual knowledge and experience sitting together and deciding together complex issues of law and fact and policy. Not all the members need sit. It is sufficient if there are a presiding judge and at least two other members. In the case I shall discuss there were three judges and four laymen. Questions of law are decided by the judicial members but for other matters the decision is by a majority. The unanimous or majority decision is the only one delivered.

A most important officer of the Court is its Registrar. It is his duty to prepare the register of restrictive trading agreements which are covered by the Act and to take proceedings before the Court. Put shortly, the trading agreements covered by the Act are those between persons carrying on business in the United Kingdom in the production or supply of goods where these persons agree to restrictions on prices; restrictions on the conditions subject to which goods are supplied; restrictions on the quantities or descriptions of goods produced or supplied; restrictions on processes of manufacture to be applied to goods; and restrictions on the persons to, for, or from whom goods are to be supplied or acquired, or on the places in or from which they are

to be supplied or acquired. The Registrar has power to obtain the information he needs. He then puts the agreement before the Court and if the Court finds that any of the restrictions are contrary to the public interest, it declares them to be void and may make an order restraining any persons from giving effect to them.

These provisions may become a little clearer if I deal at once with the facts of the case I am going to discuss. There is an initial difficulty here. The case concerned the cotton industry and the number of 'facts' about that industry is, I suppose, virtually limitless. As in all cases decided in the courts, it is essential to consider when trying to understand the Court's decision only those facts which the Court considered. We may criticize a decision by reference to other facts; we may indeed criticize a decision because it has not taken other facts into account. But in analysing a decision, the only relevant facts are those which the Court dealt with. So the facts about the cotton industry which I shall refer to are taken from the Court's decision in this case.

The cotton industry is what is called a horizontal industry. There are one or two concerns which are responsible for the whole of the processing from the raw material to the finished article, but as a rule the processing is done in stages in which the goods pass from one producer to another. At the base of the industry are the spinners, who in this country are concentrated in a small area about thirty-five miles by twenty-five stretching from Wigan through Bolton to Oldham, mostly in Lancashire. The spinners buy imported raw cotton and the yarn which they spin is called 'singles yarn'. About a quarter of this yarn passes into the hands of another section of the trade, the doublers, who twist two or more threads of singles yarn into a double yarn for use where something stronger is needed. Of all the yarn spun, whether single or double, 70 per cent. passes to the weavers, about 5 per cent. is exported, and the remaining 25 per cent. is used for many purposes, such as hosiery and sewing thread. The weavers manufacture, from the yarn, cloth in an unfinished state, known as grey cloth. The cloth is passed on to the next section of the industry who are the merchant converters. They have it finished and then sell it to a garment maker for making up, or to a wholesaler to pass on to a retailer or for export.

The Yarn Spinners' Association

For the most part, then, spinners are a separate body, whose main customers are the weavers and the doublers, and they belong to their own Yarn Spinners' Association. In this Association, the spinners agree with one another on matters affecting their trade, and it was an agreement made between spinners as members of this association that came before the Restrictive Practices Court. For under this agreement the members bound themselves not to sell yarn containing 85 per cent. or more of cotton at a price lower than that fixed by the rules of the Association.

To explain the nature and purpose of this agreement, the Court considered the recent history of the industry. Its earlier prosperity was built up on a vast export trade, and until 1914 the industry was steadily expanding. In 1912, 85 per cent. of the cotton piece goods spun, woven and finished in Lancashire were exported. But by 1938 this percentage had fallen to 50 and since 1938 has further declined to about 25 per cent. Much of the world trade in cotton has been taken from England by India, Pakistan, Japan, and Hong Kong; and now 20 per cent. of the cotton piece goods sold in England are imported from those four countries. The spinning part of the industry has of course shared in the general decline. In 1957 production of cotton yarn was little more than half what it had been in 1937. The smaller concerns have, as generally happens, suffered most and the ownership of

the industry is more concentrated; about 40 per cent. of the spindle capacity is held by five concerns.

The last twenty years have seen many fluctuations. During the war, production was severely cut, falling to half the pre-war level. Cotton control was established and prices were fixed. When price control ended in 1949, the members of the Yarn Spinners' Association agreed amongst themselves to treat the prices previously fixed as minimum prices. It was this agreement that was before the Court. With the end of clothes rationing in 1949, demand (and production) greatly increased and in the early part of 1951 the industry reached its highest post-war peak of activity. The amount of yarn produced in that year was nearly 1,000 million pounds (compared with 1,350 million pounds in 1937). But later in 1951 a recession began to develop and in 1952 production dropped below 700 million pounds. Trade slowly improved until another recession in 1955. The Suez crisis at the end of 1956 caused a revival but this did not last beyond the middle of 1957. The recession returned and was comparable with that of 1952.

Calculating Minimum Prices

The calculation of minimum prices is complicated and, for any particular yarn, falls into two principal parts. The first is the calculation of raw cotton cost plus other items. The second is the calculation of the appropriate cost margin for yarn—to cover labour, overhead expenses and depreciation, and an allowance for interest on fixed capital. Thus the Court said: 'The minimum price is an artificial figure calculated on a hypothetical average cost'. It does not represent the cost actually incurred by any individual mill, and any mill may therefore be above or below it. Most of the spinners operate at the minimum price which has very nearly become the fixed price. 'In theory', said the Court, 'the minimum price is designed to tide the spinner over short periods of recession . . . to guard against cut-throat competition such as happened in and after the great slump of 1929-31'. The argument is that, in such periods, some spinners, if left free, would sell below cost to maintain their output and to keep their labour; and it is further argued that this would be bad for the industry and for the public because many of the weakest firms would be forced to close down, whereupon they would lose their labour and be unable to reopen when demand revived. This demand would then be greater than the available supply and high prices would result.

The Court did not accept this argument because it could not accept the presupposition that periods of recession, when minimum prices operated, were exceptional. In the Court's view the minimum price scheme did not operate simply to prevent cut-throat competition. It was a scheme that appeared to insure a reasonable return all the time to the majority of spinners; it resulted, the Court thought, in higher prices; spinning was a contracting industry, reductions in capacity ought broadly to match falling demand, and high-cost producers ought to be closing down. The scheme had seriously retarded these natural processes, and the Court was satisfied that there was a substantial amount of excess capacity in the industry over and above the reserve capacity which it was prudent to keep in being to meet any sudden increase in demand. The industry could and ought to be made smaller and more compact.

The Restrictive Trade Practices Act, however, did not empower the Court to declare that agreements were contrary to the public interest and void simply on such general conclusions. It required the Court to proceed in a certain way and to be satisfied specifically. By the terms of the Act, the Yarn Spinners' Agreement was *prima facie* contrary to the public interest. But this conclusion would be denied if the Court found that any one or more of seven sets of circumstances existed and that, in any of these circumstances, the restriction was not unreasonable having regard to the balance between those circumstances and any detriment to the public or to persons affected (such as purchasers or consumers or users of the goods).

In this case, the Yarn Spinners' Association argued that two of these sets of circumstances existed. Under the first, they argued that the removal of the restriction would deny to the public, as purchasers, consumers or users of the goods, specific

and substantial benefits or advantages; that the restriction helped to preserve capacity and the labour force; and that if there were no restriction, the reserve productivity needed to meet a revival of demand would not exist and so the public would suffer. It was further argued that there were fluctuations of demand within the industry as its different sections made varying demands for yarn not connected with any variations in the public demand. The Court, however, was not satisfied that these fluctuations were so severe as to call for exceptional measures and thought that an adequate reserve capacity could be kept without the restriction.

Towards Cheaper and Better Goods?

The Association next contended that the operation of the restriction enabled and encouraged the industry to spend money on modernization and that the public therefore obtained cheaper or better goods. The Court thought that no such substantial advantage resulted from the scheme. Other of the Association's arguments were that the restriction prevented competitive price cutting—which the Court did not think was a bad thing; and that in the absence of price competition, there was competition in quality—the Court thought this would still exist if the restriction were removed.

The Association most strongly argued that the restriction prevented prices not only from falling but also from rising, because it preserved capacity and accumulated stocks in readiness to meet the revival of demand. The Court said that what it had to consider was whether price stabilization as an alternative to a free market was a benefit to the purchasing public in this particular case, and concluded that it was not.

The second set of circumstances which the Association claimed to exist was that the removal of the restriction would be likely to have a serious and persistent adverse effect on the general level of employment in the areas where a substantial portion of the industry was situated. The Court concluded that if the restriction ceased to operate a substantial number of mills would close down as a result and that the general level of unemployment would rise from 4.3 per cent. to 5.9 per cent. in eleven areas and from 5.2 per cent. to 7.8 per cent. in a particular four of those eleven areas. This the Court decided amounted to a 'serious and persistent' adverse effect within the words of the Act.

This grave disadvantage had then to be balanced against a threefold detriment to the public of the continuance of the restriction: the higher price of the goods, the loss of export trade, and the waste of national resources caused by the excess capacity.

The crux of the Court's decision lay in this conflict between increased unemployment on the one hand and the threefold detriment to the public on the other. The Court decided that it would be unreasonable for the restrictions to be continued and that the whole agreement was contrary to the public interest. The Court was clearly influenced primarily by two considerations. The first was that the effect of the increased unemployment would be localized, for it would be limited to a part of Lancashire. The second was that if the restrictions continued there would be a waste of national resources because the industry was working below capacity. To use the Court's words: 'So long as the scheme lasts, concentration of the industry will be postponed; and it will not be until the excess capacity has been got rid of that the industry can be made into a more compact entity, a reorganization which we believe will ultimately be beneficial not merely to the nation and the consuming public, but to the industry and those employed in it'.

An Unusual Judgment

It will be seen that this is an unusual sort of judgment to be given by a Court. It is concerned, in the main, with problems of economic policy. The judgment rests on certain economic assumptions, such as the assumption that as a general rule trade competition and a free market are more beneficial than stabilized prices, or, to put it another way, that price restrictions are contrary to the public interest. All through the judgment, the Court was having to weigh this public interest and to consider how best to promote it, in the context of those assumptions.

(continued on page 54)

The Listener

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Television in Schools

ON Monday a report was published which had been made to the B.B.C. by the School Broadcasting Council. This report surveyed the first two years of the B.B.C.'s experimental service of School Television Broadcasts. It asked that the Corporation should now provide the public with a permanent service of television for schools and that the programmes should be increased from five to ten each week starting in September 1961. At a press conference the Director-General of the B.B.C. explained that the Corporation had agreed to comply with these requests but that, in view of the importance of expanding school television as soon as possible, he would aim at doubling the output from September next year. He would like to do this even sooner but it was essential that staff should be trained and that there should be no sacrifice of standard. More programmes could be rushed on to the screen but the Corporation wanted to feel proud of the result. Meanwhile, Associated-Rediffusion, Ltd., also announced on Monday that an expansion is being contemplated for their schools broadcasting output.

The body of the report has been compiled by Mr. K. L. Fawdry who, until a few weeks ago, was Senior Education Officer of the Council, but who has now been made the Assistant Head of B.B.C. Schools, responsible for television broadcasting. It will be his task now—ironically—to see that the recommendations of the report for future development are carried through with success. The main purpose of the B.B.C.'s television programmes for schools has not been to churn out information but rather to present children with a continuing series of challenges to their imagination through intelligent use of the screen. Television can help the school teacher in two ways. It can bring into the classroom 'extra-curricular' subjects, which would certainly be beyond the resources of most of the schools in the country. One example during the last year was an introduction to the making and shaping of clay in a visual arts programme. Viewers were shown varieties of moulding that ranged from teapots to huge cable insulators. Two other examples of 'extra-curricular' programmes that have been popular recently have been 'Spotlight', in which current affairs have been discussed, and 'The Life and Death of Sir John Falstaff', a series of seven thirty-minute programmes in which Shakespeare's scenes were acted through. The second way in which television can be most useful to the teacher is in helping him to highlight or point a course of instruction which he has devised or which he has been asked to teach in his school by the headmaster. Last autumn the success of the science series 'How Your Body Works' was striking. Professor W. S. Bullough of Birkbeck College, London, was the teacher here and he had the help of elaborate apparatus, and of unusual film from abroad.

It seems clear that the expansion of the B.B.C.'s television broadcasting for schools will be welcome to pupil, teacher, and local education authority alike, provided it is clearly understood that neither the B.B.C. nor the School Broadcasting Council aims at offering a centralized service of instruction designed to replace the existing fabric of education. The safeguard against this being done is the fact that the teacher of any class will always be free to take as much or as little of any programme or series as he wishes. The aim of both Council and B.B.C. is simply to provide a service that may be useful.

What They Are Saying

Life in Russia

RUSSIAN BROADCASTS have dealt at length, and as glowingly as might have been expected, with the Soviet exhibition recently opened in New York. In English for North America a Moscow commentator asserted that 'the curtain of misinformation and ignorance built by the United States press around the Soviet Union has gone'. He went on to say that although there were still some 'cold-war skirmishes' between Russia and America, the warming of unofficial relations was nevertheless beginning to tell in the sphere of official diplomacy. (The American visit of Deputy Prime Minister Kozlov got much prominence on Moscow radio.)

A *Pravda* correspondent's despatch from the Soviet exhibition in New York, which was broadcast in Russian, made it clear, however, that the coexistence sought by Russia is firmly competitive—with the American workers seen as one element to whom rival salesmen can commend their wares. The broadcast included the statement:

American workers who helped in the preparations for the opening of the exhibition were most interested to know about the scale of house-building in the Soviet Union, the use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes, the improved standards of well-being of the Soviet people. They are particularly impressed by the fact that the Soviet people have free medical services and free education, and that rent amounts only to four or five per cent. of a worker's wages; ask any American and you will hear that expenditure on medical services and education is a heavy burden on the average American family, while rent swallows up a quarter, sometimes even a third, of an American's earnings.

A quite different note—more reminiscent of the Russia of Turgenev's *Sportsman's Sketches* than of Marx and Lenin—was struck in a Moscow Home Service broadcast:

We must admit that we have still not got rid of that malicious plunderer—who perhaps does even more damage than the wolf—the poacher, a man without conscience, who even breaks the Soviet laws on the protection of State property, especially on the protection of hunting forests. . . . The large hunting community has now raised its voice in the struggle against these plunderers, these hunters, if we can call them hunters, the poachers. Poaching is being wiped out except for the malicious, we would even say criminal, poachers, who should be criminally prosecuted.

In the same Moscow broadcast, whose general aim—to encourage respect for natural beauty—seemed commendable, a letter was quoted from a listener who had been waging a forlorn war against the philistinism of local building workers. The writer stated that young trees had been planted in his street several times during the past eight years. But he went on:

Of the six trees planted in front of my window only one has survived to give pleasure to those living and to their descendants. What has happened to the others? They have been destroyed by hooligans, mostly by drivers. Has even one of these hooligans been prosecuted? No! Not long ago, at the end of May, the driver of vehicle MM-8274 drove on to the pavement and damaged the trees. In answer to my remarks, the young man called me names. 'Now you can write a long report!' he shouted.

On the same day Moscow Home Service broadcast an interview with the deputy editor of a new anti-religious journal who was asked whether, in fact, religious sentiments were spreading in the Soviet Union. The deputy editor replied:

Unfortunately we have no verified data about the number of believers, which could either confirm or refute the statements on the spreading of religion in our country. However, the example of any town, workers' settlement, village, factory collective or collective farm shows us that there is no increase in religiousness in our country; on the contrary, the number of believers decreases from day to day, and this is quite normal. Soviet reality is stronger than any religion. At the same time it has to be said that the turning-away from religion is not proceeding regularly always and everywhere.

The deputy editor went on to say that the new anti-religious journal would help the vacillating to free themselves as soon as possible from the vestiges of religion.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

U.S. BUREAUCRATIC NANNY

'AN EXTRAORDINARILY POWERFUL old bureaucratic nanny', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, 'goes stalking up and down the United States, pouncing on people who are telling commercial fibs, or selling to the public things which are not fit to eat or drink. This authority is the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

'Every month it issues a report. This month a baker in the State of Maine, a flour miller in Texas, and a wholesale grocer in Louisiana are all favourably noticed for spending their own money on keeping rats and vermin out of their stocks and promoting the cleaner handling of food. Then the public is told that 90,000 chewing-gum tablets have been seized because people were being told that they could eat what they liked and yet get slim by chewing these tablets. "There is no easy way to weight reduction", says nanny firmly.

'More intriguing is the announcement that 65,000 five-grain tablets of pure Pacific sea kelp have been seized after a dealer had launched them on the market with the claim that they would produce willpower, vigour, stamina, coagulate blood in wounds, prevent tuberculosis, rickets and excessive weight, distribute hormones, stimulate memory, harden bones and teeth, build brain and nerves, maintain normal heartbeat and prevent hardening of the arteries and cataract of the eyes. "Eating seaweed will not assure good health", says nanny to the public.

'Then three manufacturers of vibrating cushions and pillows had their ears tweaked for claiming that these objects revitalized, rejuvenated, or reduced the dimensions of the human body. "Temporary relief of minor aches and pains was all they were entitled to claim", says nanny.

'The report concludes with a grim list of offenders who have been smacked or put in the corner. They were makers of popcorn and candy found to be contaminated with insect and rodent filth; vendors of decomposed eggs and of insanitary peanut butter; vendors of coffee adulterated with cereal, and oysters adulterated with water. In another group are chemists who have been selling antibiotics, benzedrine, and tranquillizer pills, and even barbiturates, without doctors' prescriptions. Nanny had tracked them all down, taken them to the police station, seen that they got fined the appropriate amount, and finally placed their names on her black list for all the public to read'.

SIZERGH CASTLE

'Sizergh Castle', said STANLEY WILLIAMSON in 'The North-countryman at Large', 'is both noble and rich in history, and it is also in mint condition. The reason for this is undoubtedly that throughout all its 600 years of varying fortunes Sizergh has always been in the possession of the same family, the Stricklands. The present representatives of the family, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hornyold-Strickland and their son, gave the estate to the National Trust in 1950, but the Castle is still their home. And this is the other reason why it is so attractive—that it is so obviously a home; not an impersonal assembly of furniture and paintings and heirlooms, collected down the centuries and disposed, museum-fashion, in echoing rooms from which all the life and warmth of human contact has long ago evaporated.

'If you go to Sizergh you will see one of the best surviving examples of a Pele Tower, those strong fortified buildings that the population of the countryside



One of the fireplaces at Sizergh Castle, Westmorland, with intricately carved wooden overmantel

A. F. Kersting

used to retire to for protection in the disorderly days of the Border feuds. Then you will see the Great Hall, dating from Tudor times, and the later Elizabethan modifications and additions, especially some rooms with magnificently carved wooden overmantels. You will see fine Jacobean furniture and some splendid portraits, including one or two rare ones done by young George Romney when he was fresh from home in Dalton in Furness, and still picking up his trade as a portrait painter in Kendal. All this and a great deal more is on view. Sizergh is open, until the end of September, on Thursdays from two to six o'clock, and the admission fee is half-a-crown'.

FLOWERS IN THE CITY

A window-box competition in the City of London led ANGUS McDERMID, B.B.C. reporter, to tour the City one evening looking for flowers. 'All through the caverns and canyons of the

now silent and rather austere City streets', he said in 'The Eye-witness', 'high above pavement and intersection, encircling fluted columns and august pedestals of distinguished banks, are the flowers—reds, blues, greens, peeping out of neatly painted boxes, a dash of



Making the City gay: a window-box in Fleet Street, London

gaiety against a solemn and often rather grimy background. Certainly the window-box habit has caught on. On legal offices in Chancery Lane and newspaper offices in Fleet Street, geraniums and ferns were nestling high up as though windborne to some inaccessible ledge of a precipice; on insurance company buildings, on restaurants, and along the curve of Finsbury Circus, two oil companies in competition with blue, red, and white blooms: then came the haven of Devonshire Square, and from a distinguished portico a profusion of ivy and tiny blue flowers crowding over the rim of the box.

Out at Tower Hill, by the Dutch Sailors' Home, there is a real garden, with masses of roses. Down in the crannies by St. Dunstan's Church there is a seed merchant with, naturally, many varieties; and back through St. Mary Axe, the Minories, and Leadenhall Street, the shipping companies are competing for floral honours as well as for world trade. Then, as if to set an example, there is the Mansion House itself, its façade a mass of crimson.

'Some of the boxes are professionally maintained; others are lovingly tended by the office staffs, but they all bring a little cheer to these grey streets. They help to heal the still evident scars of war, and they help to remind the tired City worker that, after all, the home and the garden are not so far away'.

CLEOPATRA'S TOILET

'Supposing you lived in Egypt 2,000 years ago', said ARTHUR GARRATT in 'Woman's Hour', 'last night you would not have slept on a pillow; you would have rested your neck on a special head-rest not to spoil your hairstyle, and you would have had slaves to stay by you all night to make sure you did not toss in your sleep. But despite these precautions you would probably have to give yourself the full treatment in the morning.

'You would start by rubbing into your head a delicate ointment of greyhound's foot, date stones, and the hoof of a jackass crushed and well boiled in oil. Even using this scalp tonic regularly, you would not have enough hair of your own to be in the fashion, so you would add some extra braids cut from slaves' hair kept in sandalwood boxes. You might have twenty-four plaits held with a lotus bud and, perhaps, some pieces of vultures' wings. Or maybe you would wear a wig with little balls of perfume attached to it. The perfume would permeate the wig all day and so give you that "extra something".

'Your hairdressing had a lot to cope with. If you were going out for the evening to a select restaurant, the waiter would drop some hot scented wax on top of your head which would gradually run down your face and neck—and this must not disturb your coiffure!

'After spending a couple of hours on your hair, you would start your make-up. You would prepare your face with a foundation of powdered alabaster, soda and salt mixed with honey and covered with wax. Then you would paint the lower lids of your eyes a fetching shade of green and blacken all round your eyes with antimony or, perhaps, kohl; and after that paint a black or green line from the corners of your eyes right back to your ears. Needless to say, your eyebrows would be carefully plucked, your lips well rouged, and fingernails and toenails polished and hennaed.

'What about perfume? If you are the glamour type, you will use *kyphi*, made of myrrh, broom, frankincense, buck's horn, and other "secret and expensive ingredients". But perhaps you are the outdoor type, and prefer a mixture of tree oil, almond oil, cinnamon, and sweet calamus'.

THE COW AND LORD BEAVERBROOK

'Every time I meet a cow nowadays, I give a little secret smile and pat it affectionately—as if we were enjoying a private joke', said DENIS DUNN in 'Today' (Home Service), 'and that's exactly what we are doing'.


'During one of the recurring crises in the farming industry, my newspaper thought it would be a good thing if I went and lived

with a farmer on his farm to discover what was happening, and why. I arrived on a market day. You are probably aware that the inns are open all day and the hospitable farmers are not only open-handed all day but most of the night as well. Much rough cider was flowing under the bridge and a large volume of it flowed into me. I toasted the farmers and the farmers toasted me. I became happily bucolic and sylvan. I sang. I was informed that on the journey back to the farm I sang that I desired to plough and hoe, reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy.

'Back upon the farm, with some hazy idea in my head that I was down there to learn about agriculture, I demanded to be allowed to milk a cow. One was produced, but I regret that the subsequent proceedings degenerated into knockabout farce. After a few minutes my farmer shook his head and said quietly: "You are supposed to milk it, Dunn—not toll it!" "There's no sale my end, sir", I complained.

'I am not quite sure what happened after that. Perhaps I discommoded this cow in some manner, but I have a definite athletic memory of me going rapidly round the yard, the cow going after me, and the farmer going after both of us.

'Now comes the pay off! Still floating on ciderous dreams, I sat down and wrote a pungent account from our special correspondent on the hazards of cow milking. I have also a hazy remembrance of quoting the cow in this article. Be that as it may, I telephoned it all to my newspaper! Some hours later, rather pale and drinking strong black coffee in the farm kitchen, I realized what I had done. But a fatalist by nature, I decided just to sit there quietly and await the sack.

'The sack did not arrive. But a telegram did. It was from Lord Beaverbrook: and it read: "CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR AGRICULTURAL POLICY. IT BEATS MINE. BEAVERBROOK"'.


A lady of ancient Egypt at her toilet, attended by her servants

THE HAT OUT OF THE RABBIT

'If you are a member of the no-hat brigade', said HAROLD WEBB in 'Science and Industry' in the General Overseas Service, 'you may be a little embarrassed if you visit the hat-making town of Denton in Lancashire. For hat-making is the town's staple industry, and travellers who call on the hat firms there are not likely to be received if they arrive hatless. In fact, in some firms the hatless traveller will be met inside the door by a notice saying explicitly "Travellers not wearing a hat will not be seen". They are not so unbending in their attitude towards a hatless visitor in the industry's research centre. At least I received a pleasant welcome, bareheaded though I was.

'The centre does not design hats—that is the job of the hat-making firms themselves. What it does is to carry out basic research into felt-making problems and deals with the scores of production snags that occur from day to day in the hat-making firms dotted round Stockport and Denton. The basic raw material of hats—I am talking about men's hats, trilby, bowler, and cap—is rabbit skin, and lying about the tables in the chemical and physics laboratories are bundles of skins which come in for testing. Apparently, most of the skins used in the industry come from France and Belgium, where tame-rabbit breeding is almost a cottage industry. But it is the wild rabbits, especially those caught in Scotland or northern England, that make the best felt hats. A wild-rabbit skin costs the hat-maker about 6d., whereas the imported variety costs only about 2d. In recent years, they tell me, myxomatosis has deprived the industry of much of the better-quality skins, with the result that tame-rabbit farms on the Continent are now the main source of supply.

'A surprising thing I learnt at the centre was that although almost every textile industry now has a synthetic competitor to its basic raw material it is not so in the hat industry. There is no substitute, apparently, for the rabbit—a fact which might make you wonder what men would do for their headwear if myxomatosis did finally destroy this little animal'.

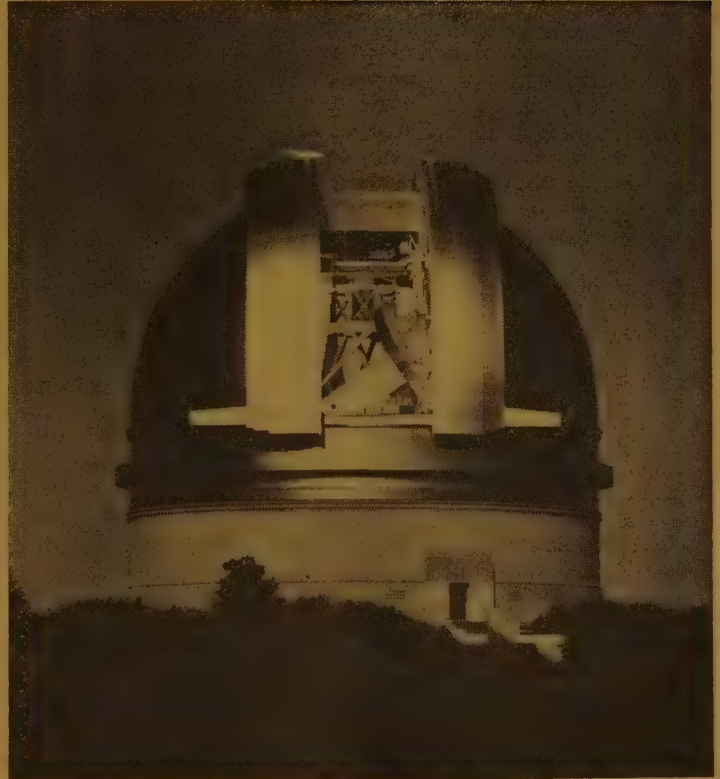
A New Window on the Universe

By H. S. W. MASSEY

IN the general excitement which has attended the launching of the first Earth satellites, it has seemed to many that the actual launchings were ends in themselves. To others they represented the first step towards releasing man from the gravitational bonds which, at all stages in his evolution hitherto, have left him Earth-bound. The successful achievement of manned flight into space and back again would be to these enthusiasts a sufficient justification of the great work and expense involved.

Far too little attention has been paid to the new opportunities for scientific research which are now becoming available, which do not require manned flight and which are relatively inexpensive. The scientific possibilities cannot be realized in a short time: what we are now offered affords prospects of fruitful research in entirely new directions as far into the future as we care to look. The information we can hope to gain is not merely an accumulation of facts but will surely help us in our interpretation of the behaviour of our own atmosphere and increase our understanding of the interrelation between the Earth and the Sun. It will open out new branches of astronomy inaccessible to ground observers. New prospects of experimental study of gravitation become available, so that we may hope to learn more about this mysterious force.

The Earth's atmosphere plays a beneficent role towards life on the ground. It cuts off from us a great wealth of radiation which impinges on the outer layers of the atmosphere so that, until recently, astronomers have had to look out on the universe round us by means of the visible light. The development of radar made possible the new observational science of radio astronomy which takes advantage of the atmospheric window in the radar wavelength region to view the universe in a different light. Already, the contributions made by radio astronomy have been very great. For example, it has been shown that our own galaxy of stars has a spiral structure like so many other galaxies. Through co-operation between radio and optical astronomers, using the giant optical telescope at Mount Palomar in California, the remarkable phenomena of colliding galaxies, the greatest of all cosmic catastrophes, have been observed and identified.



The dome of the giant optical telescope at Mount Palomar, California, with the shutter open: a photograph taken at night

We are now offered the opportunity of a vast new variety of radiations with which to view the Sun and the stars. Instruments in a satellite circulating one thousand miles above the Earth's surface can view in ultra-violet light, X-rays, gamma-rays or, on the long wavelength side, in infra-red and all radio wavelengths.

By supplying an observatory outside the atmosphere, artificial satellites offer boundless scope.

A particularly interesting stage has been reached in the development of our ideas about the evolution of stars. The great increase of our knowledge of atomic nuclei and the way they react at high temperatures has given us for the first time a fairly detailed idea of the way in which stars maintain these high temperatures for thousands of millions of years. We have the picture of stars condensing from the cosmic dust and heating up as the mass contracts under the pull of gravity until the centre becomes so hot that a nuclear reaction sets in. This is somewhat similar to that which is triggered off in a hydrogen bomb, but in a star it simmers gently to maintain a constant temperature of the order of a few million degrees for 1,000,000,000 years or more. We know that the fuel is hydrogen and the ash, helium. Intriguing questions



An auroral display seen from northern Canada

arise about what happens when all the hydrogen in the centre is burnt up. It seems that many things may occur; for example, the instabilities that produce those vast cataclysms known as supernovae, which are virtually hydrogen bomb explosions on a cosmic scale. Although much progress has been made in detecting the broad outlines of stellar evolution, the subject is so complicated that there is need for more and more observational material.

For example, there are a number of very hot stars, with surface temperatures of 10,000 degrees or more, which are of much interest and significance in stellar evolution. The most intense radiation they emit is in the ultra-violet, which we are debarred from studying in ground observatories. The cosmic dust itself has grown in importance not only because of its nuisance value as a screen in different regions of the sky but because it is the stuff the stars are made of. We can learn much of the nature, size, concentration and energy of the dust particles in interplanetary space outside the Earth by intercepting them with suitable detectors from artificial satellites.

Astronomy from Outside the Atmosphere

Astronomical studies from outside the atmosphere have already begun. During the International Geophysical Year the Americans have launched to heights of about 100 miles a few rockets containing instruments to measure the intensity of certain ultra-violet rays coming from different parts of the sky. Although the rockets were aloft for only a few minutes, sufficient data were obtained to reveal regions of the sky from which the emission was relatively intense. These regions do not always correspond to visible regions of bright emission; it is clear that much can be done before it becomes possible, say, to mount small telescopes in satellites.

While discussing phenomena in the universe as a whole, it is appropriate to turn to the problem of the nature of gravitation. As far as we can see at present there are four distinct types of force through which the manifold transformations of matter and energy arise. These forces are known as the strong, the electromagnetic, the weak and the gravitational interactions. The strong forces hold neutrons and protons together in the nuclei of atoms and they are a hundred times as strong as the electromagnetic forces between charged particles. The weak interactions are about one billion times weaker. They are responsible for that form of radioactivity known as beta-decay, and indeed provide the first link in the chain of processes which generate the heat of the Sun. But the force of gravity is about one trillion times weaker even than the so-called weak interaction. It is only because the gravitational force which a body exerts is proportional to its mass that we are able to study the nature of the force at all.

Since the time of Newton, the only major advance in our understanding of gravitation was made by Einstein when he generalized his special theory of relativity to produce the very bold concept of his general theory. Because the modifications of Newton's Law of Gravitation which are introduced by this theory are small, even when very heavy bodies are involved, few experimental tests of its validity have been possible. Artificial satellites are likely to prove useful as gravity probes. One of the main reasons for this is the fact that compared with the natural planets and satellites they circulate rapidly. Many small effects on their motion are cumulative, adding so much per revolution. With artificial satellites the much faster rate of revolution should provide observable effects in much shorter times. Already from accurate observations of the satellite orbits we have gained new precise information about the shape of the Earth.

Gravity and the Rate of a Clock

Given this new approach, we may hope to test other predictions of Einstein's theory. One which is important concerns the effect of gravity on the rate of a clock: not the effect on the mechanism, but only the intrinsic effect due to the nature of gravity and of space and time, effects which remain when the gross mechanical effects are allowed for. The extent to which the timing by a clock in a satellite will differ from that of a clock on the ground is very small indeed. Nevertheless, the measurement of time intervals may be carried out with extraordinary accuracy and the difference can be built up over many revolutions of the satellite.

But we must not, in our enthusiasm for the study of the distant

parts of the universe, neglect the important phenomena which are much closer at hand, involving the relation between our own Sun and the Earth. The Sun pours out a stream of radiation, mainly of electromagnetic waves. Visible and near ultra-violet and infra-red components reach the Earth's surface and provide us with light and heat. Shorter waves are absorbed in the atmosphere so that they do not penetrate within fifty miles of the surface. In the course of their absorption they interact with the atmosphere, producing, among many effects, the ionosphere, a region extending for some hundreds of miles upwards from the penetration level. This region, through its power of reflecting radio waves, makes long-distance radio communication possible over the whole Earth, at least in a certain range of wavelength.

When in a disturbed or spotty condition, the Sun emits streams of fast charged particles which also produce marked effects in our atmosphere. As the particles are charged, they are affected by the Earth's magnetism, so that this influence is strongly dependent on latitude. Thus they produce the magnificent auroral displays which are most frequent at high latitudes. These effects also include magnetic storms—disturbances of the Earth's magnetism due to electric currents produced in the Earth's atmosphere and beyond by the solar streams. The details of the way in which these streams interact with the atmosphere and the Earth's magnetism are far from clear. With instruments in satellites it is possible to measure the concentration and nature of charged particles and the strength of the magnetic field at points outside the Earth. Once data have accumulated, we shall be in a much better position to understand what is going on. The most important and unexpected discovery made up to the present with satellite instruments has been that of the Great Radiation Belt extending around the Earth from a distance of a few hundred to several thousand miles from the surface, which was found by van Allen from observations made with his instruments in American Explorer satellites. Much of radiation in this belt almost certainly consists of residual charged particles from solar streams trapped by the Earth's magnetism.

In a Cold Spot?

It has been suggested by Professor Sidney Chapman, who was the President of the Committee which organized the International Geophysical Year, that on the Earth we are indeed in a cold spot in the outer extension of the Sun's atmosphere, the local temperature of which is 200,000 degrees Centigrade. Observations of the nature and concentration of the material in interplanetary space near the Earth will help to test this remarkable suggestion.

So we could continue to survey the new prospects opened to us by the availability of artificial satellites without even sending them more than a few thousand miles at most above the Earth. I have said nothing of the detailed study of the Sun itself or of the value of looking back on the Earth from outside to keep under regular world-wide observation atmospheric movements, cloud formations, and so on. Great as are the foreseeable scientific applications, we can be sure that the unforeseen will be even more important. New observations will stimulate new thought. The possibilities are unbounded. Whether or not man can learn to travel bodily through space and return unharmed, he has already a new window on the universe.—*Network Three*

The municipality of Menton is offering a triennial prize in tribute to Katherine Mansfield and in memory of her stay in the Villa Isola Bella. Two prizes of about £100 will be awarded for short stories, one English and one French, selected independently by a panel of English and a panel of French judges respectively. Judges for the English short story are John Lehmann, P. H. Newby, and Angus Wilson. Stories, which must not exceed 10,000 words, should have been published in English during 1956, 1957, or 1958, in the United Kingdom, Eire, or the Commonwealth. They should be submitted only by their editors or publishers, who are invited to send three copies of the book or other publication, indicating which story therein they wish to recommend to the attention of the judges. They must reach The English P.E.N. Centre (Menton Prize), 62 Gledbe Place, London, S.W.3, not later than September 1.

From *Precedent to Precedent*, the Romanes lecture given at Oxford by Lord Denning of Whitchurch has now been published by the Clarendon Press, price 2s. 6d.

Henry James and the Young Men

The second of two autobiographical talks by LEONARD WOOLF

I WENT up to Trinity College, Cambridge, from St. Paul's School in 1899 and in my first few days there felt terribly lonely. But suddenly everything changed, and almost for the first time one realized that to be young was very heaven. The reason was simple. I found to my astonishment that there were a number of people near and about me with whom I could enjoy the exciting and at the same time profound happiness of friendship.

It began casually in the passage which leads through the Hall at Trinity from the Great Court to Neville's Court. I was looking at some notices after dining in Hall and said something to a man standing next to me. We walked away together and he came back to my rooms. He was a scholar from Westminster, Saxon Sydney-Turner. He was a very strange character with one of the most curious minds I have met with, immensely intelligent and subtle. In one of the university scholarship examinations, they set us for Greek translation a piece from a rather obscure writer which had a riddle in it. Saxon won one of the scholarships and it was said that he was the only person to get the riddle bit correctly. That was characteristic of him. Years later, when crossword puzzles were invented, he became a champion solver; and it was also characteristic of him that he was a champion solver, never an inventor, of crossword puzzles and other mental gymnastics, including the art of writing.

He had an encyclopaedic knowledge of literature, but he read books rather in the spirit in which some people collect stamps. He would tell you casually that last night he had read the twenty-first book of Livy's *History* in the tone of voice in which a great stamp collector might casually remark—in order to astonish his fellow-collectors—that yesterday in a back street in Soho he had bought a very rare Cape of Good Hope stamp for two - and - six - pence. Later in life, when Saxon was in the Treasury, he was an inveterate concert and opera goer, in London and on the Continent. He kept a record, both on paper and in his head, of all the operas he had ever been to. Normally he was a reserved man, spoke little,

falling into long and unobtrusive silences. But sometimes, particularly in the small hours of the morning, he might begin to talk almost volubly about opera. He would tell you that last night at Covent Garden he had heard *Siegfried* for the thirty-seventh time. He would then carefully go through a list of the Siegfrieds, Brünnhildes, and Wotans that he had heard on each of the thirty-seven occasions, together with the conductors and the orchestras.

The rooms which Saxon lived in for many years were in Great Ormond Street, and they consisted of one very big oblong sitting-room and a small bedroom. On each side of the sitting-room fireplace on the wall was an immense picture of a farmyard scene. It was the same picture on each side, and for over thirty years Saxon lived with them ever before his eyes, while in his bedroom, invisible because there was no light and no space, there were some very good pictures by Duncan Grant and other artists. As time went on Saxon acquired more and more books, and, since he suffered from a variety of ailments, more and more medicine bottles. The bookcases filled up and soon a second and third row of books became necessary, and then piles and piles of books covered the floor, the table, and the chairs. Everywhere upon the books were empty medicine bottles, and the

same two pigs, the same two sheep, and the same two dogs looked down upon presumably the unseeing Saxon from the same two pictures on either side of the mantelpiece.

For three years at Cambridge I lived with Saxon in a double set of rooms in Trinity Great Court. He was a short, thin man with a very pale face and straw-coloured hair. He seemed to glide rather than walk, and noiselessly, so that suddenly you would find that he was sitting in a chair near you, though you had not heard the door open and him come in. Both physically and mentally there was something shadowy and ghostlike about him. He rarely committed himself to a positive statement or opinion. His conversation—if it could rightly be called conversation—was spasmodic, elusive, and allusive. You might be sitting reading a book and



Henry James at his home at Rye in 1915
E. O. Hoppé



Great Court, Trinity College, Cambridge

A. F. Kersting

suddenly find him standing beside you on one leg in front of the fire knocking out his pipe into the fireplace, and he would say without looking up: 'Her name was Emily'. After a considerable amount of cross-examination, you would find that the remark applied to a conversation weeks ago—which you no longer remembered—in which he had tried unsuccessfully to remember the Christian name of Miss Girouette in Peacock's *Nightmare Abbey*.

Living Jamesian Character

During the years that we were up at Trinity, Henry James was at the height of his powers, writing those strange, involved, elusive novels of his last period. We read *The Sacred Fount*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl* as they came out. Lytton Strachey, Saxon, and I were fascinated by them—entranced and almost hypnotized. I don't know that we thought that they were really great masterpieces. My enjoyment and admiration of them have always been and still are great, but with a certain reservation. There is an element of ridiculousness, even of 'phoneyness', in them which makes it impossible to rank them with the greatest or even the great novels. But the strange, Jamesian, convoluted beauty and subtlety of them act upon those who yield to them like drink or drugs; for a time we became addicts, habitual drunkards. We were never, perhaps, quite serious; we played at seeing the world of Trinity and Cambridge as a Jamesian phantasmagoria. We talked and wrote as if we had just walked out of *The Sacred Fount* into Trinity Great Court. And the curious thing was that, whereas Lytton and I were always consciously playing a game in talking or writing like characters in the novels, Saxon quite naturally talked, looked, acted—in fact was—a character in an unwritten novel by Henry James.

No human being can be quite as cynical, quite as ironical, as facts. About the year 1908, when I was in Ceylon, Vanessa, Virginia, and Adrian Stephen were in Rye for the summer, and Lytton Strachey and Saxon came to stay with them. At that time Henry James was living in Rye and so too was Sydney Waterlow who later, after a distinguished career in the Foreign Office, became Sir Sydney Waterlow. Sydney, who was a great friend of Henry James, told me that the novelist was shocked by the 'Stephen girls', or rather by their friends. He had known the Stephen children well from their childhood, for he was an intimate friend of their father, Sir Leslie Stephen, and often came to their house in Hyde Park Gate when their mother was alive. But he had not seen them for a good many years when they came to Rye that summer. He was uneasy at not finding in them that standard of ladylike behaviour and manners which belonged to Hyde Park Gate and the houses and their inhabitants in *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*. But what upset him most was their friends, Saxon and Lytton. Sydney repeated to me with gusto an interminable sentence in which by parenthesis within parenthesis and infinite reservations, involutions, and convolutions, Henry James delicately, hesitatingly, regretfully conveyed his feeling that Saxon was small, insignificant, silent, and even rather grubby.

Nothing could have been more delightfully ironical than this situation in Rye fifty years ago: the infinitely subtle author of *The Sacred Fount*, with his infinitely sensitive antennae, rendered completely insensitive and obtuse by the mist of social snobbery through which he saw life and people and out of which he often created his shadowy masterpieces. For in 1907 Henry James was in many ways a disappointed man. His reputation was high but his readers were few. Like so many writers and with a good deal more reason than most, he felt that the readers, the sales, the success which he knew he deserved evaded him. This saddened him and he was immensely pleased by the appreciation and admiration of younger people like Sydney Waterlow and Hugh Walpole. But Sydney and Hugh were eminently respectable young men, properly dressed, with the right hats on their heads and carrying an umbrella at the appropriate moments. But now there was the great novelist sitting in the same room with two of the most intelligent of the younger generation who understood and admired him far more profoundly, I think, than Hugh or Sydney did, and one of them, Saxon, was almost a creation of the novelist, a character in one of his novels. And all that the sensitive antennae recorded was that the young man was small, silent, and grubby.

All this, I should perhaps add, did not permanently affect James's respect and affection for Leslie Stephen's family. After I married Virginia Stephen in 1912, I acted for a short time as secretary of Roger Fry's second Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. One afternoon Henry James came in. Roger and I showed him round the pictures, which he did not much like, and then took him down into the basement to give him tea. When he realized that I had just married Virginia, he got up and shook hands with me a second time and he made a characteristic ceremonious speech. It went on for quite a time and had many trailing and flowery sentences full of the famous parentheses. But it showed, I thought, genuine kindness and real feeling for Leslie Stephen and for the great beauty of his wife and daughters.

I was amused to see that during tea, as he talked, he gradually tilted back his chair until it balanced on the two back legs, he maintaining equilibrium by just holding on to the edge of the table. The Stephens had told me that when they were children and Henry James came to tea, or some other meal, which he often did, he had a habit of doing just this balancing when he talked. As the long sentences untwined themselves, the chair would tilt slowly backwards and all the children's eyes were fixed on it, fearing and hoping that it would at last one day overbalance backwards and deposit Henry James upon the floor. Time after time he would just recover himself, but then indeed at last one day it did happen; the chair went over and the novelist was on the floor, undismayed, unhurt, and after a moment completing his sentence.—*Third Programme*

Restrictive Practices

(continued from page 47)

Courts do not usually proceed in this way. But then Courts are not usually so expressly put in the position of deciding these sorts of questions. Judicial decisions may frequently have considerable economic consequences, but Courts tend to concern themselves with the consequences as they affect the parties to the dispute and no one else—and sometimes not even with those consequences.

In view of the wholly different attitude required to be taken by the Restrictive Practices Court, there was one passage at the end of the judgment which seemed puzzling. The Court said they realized that their decision would increase unemployment and that it was coming at an unfortunate time when the general level of unemployment had been rising. But, said the Court, 'We are clear that once we have reached a conclusion of fact, it is our duty to disregard the consequences of our verdict'. This seems to me to be a strange thing to say. For surely the public interest is involved in the general level of unemployment and how it may rise. And surely the extent of the localized unemployment caused by the Court's decision is largely determined by the availability of jobs elsewhere.

This decision is more than a stone thrown in a pond sending ripples to the shore. It must set the pattern for future decisions, for the general feeling is that if restrictions are not justified in the cotton industry at the present time, it is difficult to see where they could be justified. Many of the existing agreements on the Registrar's list will be abandoned. By some it is thought that the Restrictive Practices Court, whatever its effect on the employment situation in Lancashire, has almost worked itself out of its own job. And no doubt the argument will continue how far it is desirable that a court drawn from five of Her Majesty's judges and ten selected laymen should be authorized to come to conclusions of this kind. The members of the Court are, in the constitutional sense, irresponsible; but by the same token they can announce their conclusions on questions of politics and economics without fear of losing votes. Their decisions are important to the Government of the day. They help to make policy. Like all Courts, they form an undemocratic institution.

Perhaps this is the sort of institution we need. On the other hand, while to ascertain facts and to lay down the law is all in the day's work for the Courts, the weighing of issues of policy is another matter.—*Third Programme*

Ingmar Bergman as Film Director

By J. G. WEIGHTMAN

AFTER recently assimilating a new batch of four films by Ingmar Bergman, made between 1949 and 1953, I am left reflecting, in the first place, on his extraordinary unevenness of quality. How can he be at once so subtle and so unsubtle? I am not thinking of his dialogue which, according to people who know Swedish, often lapses into pretentiousness. I am thinking of his emotions and situations, and his use of cinema techniques. It seems to me that he often fumbles or over-emphasizes.

For instance, one of his virtues is a genuine sense of evil, but occasionally, as in *Prison*, he lets it run to wild, romantic excess. This film shows the decline of a young Stockholm prostitute from carefree cynicism to prolonged suffering and death. The story is sombre in itself, but Bergman piles on the agony in the old-fashioned German way, thus swamping all the good details in indiscriminate emotionalism. There is one of those long, facile dream-sequences, like the nightmare at the beginning of *Wild Strawberries*. The action takes place in dark nights, bleak dawns and cluttered interiors. In one place, the sombreness even becomes comic. You see the girl, in terrible pain, crawling up the stairs to her flat and you wonder what terrible disaster can have befallen her now. The next shot shows her in bed with a new-born baby in her arms, so it was only birth-pangs. I am not suggesting that birth-pangs are to be made light of, but I am sure it is wrong to present them in this melodramatic way, as if they were in the same category of evil as the prostitution, sadism, and murder in the rest of the film. In *Prison*, as in *The Seventh Seal* which I, personally, in spite of its fame, think his worst achievement, Bergman is muddled and on the verge of hysteria.



A Lesson in Love, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Eva Dahlbeck as the husband and wife, and Renée Björling (standing) as the husband's mother

The other three films—*Thirst*, *Summer with Monika*, and *A Lesson in Love*—are really outstanding; but even they are marred by curious flaws. Again, evil is sometimes presented in too simple and sentimental a form: in *Thirst*, there is a heartless young brute and an extravagantly sadistic psychiatrist, and in *Summer with Monika* a devil-boy, whose motivation is not explained.

Monika, too, begins and ends with some effects in a street-mirror that have no more than an accidental link with the story. As for *A Lesson in Love*, I thought it was going to be an entirely successful comedy about marriage and family life; then suddenly it went fantastic and soft at the end, with Cupid appearing in person to confirm the reconciliation of husband and wife. This may have been a deliberate parody of a Hollywood happy ending, but if so it produced the wrong sort of jolt.

These weaknesses increase the impression already made by Bergman's other films that his taste is uncertain and his ability to organize imperfect. He has a wider range than any other film director I can think of. He writes or adapts his own scripts and can move from tragedy to comedy, from sentimentality to cynicism, from period drama to modern dress, from working class to middle class and aristocracy, and so on, but his various interests seem often to get out of control.



A scene from *Summer with Monika*, with Harriet Andersson and Lars Ekborg as the young couple

However, except in *The Seventh Seal* and *Prison* where he goes in for pompous symbolism, his qualities are so remarkable that his defects can be happily forgotten. He has, in particular, a fine awareness of shades of agreement or conflict between individuals, especially men and women. I can think of no one else who is so good at expressing the rawness of human relations, and that constant effort of adjustment which makes any union into a tug-of-war. The Swedes are often said to be ahead of us as regards the refinements of neurosis. Bergman is certainly ahead of most other film-directors, including Swedish directors, in the portrayal of neurosis. You have only to compare the wooden simplicity of Arne Mattson's *One Summer of Happiness* with Bergman's two parallel 'summer' films, *Monika* and *Summer Interlude*, to see how acute his awareness of tension is. At his best, he combines this awareness poetically or wittily with the physical setting. And he directs his actors to perfection.

Journeying Couples

Thirst, *Monika*, and *A Lesson in Love* are similar in that each is basically about a couple engaged on a physical journey which is, at the same time, a phase of development in their relationship. In *Thirst*, a young archaeologist and his wife, after a visit to the Mediterranean, are travelling back from the sunlight of the south, symbolized by two ancient gold coins that the husband carries in his pocket, to their northern darkness, and they are quarrelling all the way. In the end, they arrive at a despairing acceptance of their unhappy union.

Summer with Monika is about the pre-marital honeymoon of a young working-class couple, who spend the summer wandering along the coast in a motor-boat. Their union, after an initial phase of happiness, turns out to have been no more than a blind, animal attraction, and the instability of their relationship is reflected in, or contrasted with, the changing moods of water and sky. I was interested to see that, here, Bergman gets away from the too simple pattern of the earlier *Summer Interlude*, in which idyllic nature was equated with perfect happiness. In *Monika*, the couple are really happiest during a cold spell, when nature is against them; in contrast to this is a beautiful sequence in which the girl returns to the boat at night through a field of high waving grass, only to start a first, bitter quarrel. (In *Thirst*, too, one of the most poetic moments is the expression of loneliness through a long shot of a Stockholm street in midsummer, with empty bicycles propped against the kerbs.)

The journey in *A Lesson in Love* is from Stockholm to Copenhagen. The car, train, boat, and taxi provide a continuous bustle of movement indicating the surface agitation of sparring and infidelity, but flashbacks in a slower tempo relate the history of the deeper emotion which eventually reunites the couple.

It would take a long time to explain all the qualities of these three films. It would be easier to complete the list of obvious, and (as I have said) bewildering, mistakes. Bergman has, perhaps, neglected some of the incidentals of his films to concentrate on his main characters, who are drawn in the round and played with such uncanny accuracy that all consciousness of acting disappears. Monika's animal strength and spiritual vulgarity, for instance, are marvellously conveyed in every movement and expression. She rises above her shoddiness only in the one brief bathing scene, because then her nakedness transforms her from a vulgar individual into anonymous Woman. The same actress, Harriet Andersson, reappears in *A Lesson in Love* to give another splendid performance as the middle-class, teenage daughter who both loves and despises her parents. Also in *A Lesson in Love* there is one of the best film rows I have ever seen, which is positively Russian in its intensity and its rapid switches of mood. The two young husbands in *Thirst* and *Monika* are perfect examples of the decent, naive, Scandinavian male who is driven nearly frantic by the vagaries of the female.

Return to the Artisan Tradition

In putting all these characters and moments of life on to the screen in so many brilliant, if fragmentary, episodes, Bergman has done something for Sweden that no one, to my knowledge, is doing for England. But there may be a parallel in France. Two or three young French directors, like Bergman, have deliberately turned down attractive foreign offers and international stars in order to produce films that have a local, home-made or hand-made character. The camera is again being used as a private eye, as a means of expressing a single yet complex view. This return to the artisan tradition is an interesting development, even though some of the initial products of the new trend have all the defects of first novels. Indeed, the defects may be worse than in the novel, because the cinema is such a rich art form and the poetry of the camera so much more facile than poetry in language, that it is easy, even for the genuine film-maker, to get drunk on the possibilities of his medium. I think Bergman is slightly drunk in this way.—'Comment' (Third Programme)

For an Age of Plastics

With an effect as of carving, almost, the hillside
They climb in their stiff terraces, these houses
Feed the returning eye with national pride
In the 'built to last'. Approving elegance
Where there is only decency, the eye
Applauds the air of nothing left to chance
Or brilliantly provisional. Not the fact
But the air of it, the illusion, we observe;
Chance in the bomb-sight kept these streets intact
And razed whole districts. Nor was the lesson lost
On the re-built Plymouth, how an age of chance
Is an age of plastics. In a style pre-cast
Pre-fabricated, and as if its site
Were the canyon's lip, it rises out of rubble
Sketchily massive, moulded in bakelite.

Annoyed to take a gloomy sort of pride
In numbering our losses, I suppose
The ploughman ceased his carving of the hillside
And all the coulters and the chisels broke
When he was young whom we come home to bury,
A man like clay in the hands of his womenfolk.

A ploughman carved three harvests, each a son,
Upon the flesh of Wales. And all were carried
Long since from those hillsides, yet this one
Comes first to threshing. Nutriment and grain
For all the mashing of the interim
Live in the load of him. Living again
His shipwright's years, the countryman's walks in the park,
The scrape of a mattock in his too small garden,
The marriage to the able matriarch,
What would he change? Perhaps a stubbornness
That bristled sometimes, for the capable hands
To circumvent and gentle, would be less
Amenable to their shaping. But all told
His edged tools still would lie in the garden shed,
Still he would flow, himself, from mould to mould.

Whatever he showed of something in the rough,
Sluggish in flow and unadaptable,
I liked him for; affecting to be gruff,
An awkward customer—so much was due,
He seemed to think, to what a man was, once:
Something to build with, take a chisel to.

DONALD DAVIE

—To be broadcast in the Third Programme on July 19

Plans for Better Listening and Viewing

E. L. L. PAWLEY on the B.B.C.'s new stations

THE Postmaster-General has announced his approval in principle to the B.B.C.'s plan for building a number of low-power stations, both for television and for the three sound programmes on V.H.F. (Very High Frequency), in parts of the country where reception is at present unsatisfactory. The plan includes fourteen television stations and ten stations for V.H.F. sound, which it is hoped to complete during the next two or three years. This scheme will not entirely solve the problem of completing the coverage of the United Kingdom, but it is a step towards that end; the B.B.C. intends to provide further stations in other parts of the country at a later stage in its development plans.

The coverage of the Home Service, the Light Programme, and the Third Programme depended for many years on the use of the limited number of wavelengths in the long-wave and medium-wave bands that are available to the B.B.C. for this purpose (now one long wave and twelve medium waves). In the absence of interference these transmissions reach some 93 per cent. of the population for the Home Service, 99 per cent. for the Light Programme, and 70 per cent. for the Third Programme (to which Network Three is now added). Unfortunately reception is spoiled for many listeners by interference from stations on the Continent. Under the Copenhagen Plan, which came into force in 1950, the

channels in these bands were allocated among the countries of the European area in such a way as to avoid, as far as possible, mutual interference between transmitting stations in different countries; but there are now about twice as many stations using these bands as could be provided for in the Plan, and serious interference occurs at night when propagation conditions favour reception at long distances. As a result many B.B.C. listeners find it impossible to receive the medium-wave transmissions satisfactorily after dark. Moreover, medium-wave receivers have to be designed so as to reduce the effect of the interference, and this limits the quality of reproduction that is obtainable.

To avoid both these disadvantages, the B.B.C. introduced its V.H.F. transmissions of the three 'domestic' programmes, starting with the station at Wrotham in Kent, which was brought into service in May 1955. These transmissions, being in the 'Very High Frequency' band, are much less susceptible to interference from foreign stations and from most forms of electrical apparatus. Moreover the transmissions are frequency-modulated, and this in itself gives them much greater freedom from interference than is possible with the amplitude modulation used in the long-wave and medium-wave bands (and also in the short-wave transmissions used for the Overseas and European Services). Furthermore, receivers designed for V.H.F. are capable of giving markedly better



B.B.C. stations to be built under the new plan

quality of reproduction than are those designed for long and medium waves.

Establishing the basic network of V.H.F. stations for sound broadcasting was a large task, which has now been successfully completed. During the last four years this network has been steadily extended, and there are now eighteen stations covering about 96 per cent. of the population. Others are to be opened near Peterborough, Wick, and Dover during this year and next. It is estimated that the coverage of all three programmes on V.H.F. will then include 96.4 per cent. of the population—that is the whole of the United Kingdom except for the shaded areas shown on the map on the previous page.

Progress in Television

In television, progress has been on somewhat similar lines. The Alexandra Palace station, opened in 1936, served some 12,500,000 people in and around London. When the Television Service was restarted in 1946 plans were made (and were internationally accepted under the Stockholm Plan of 1952) for building five high-power television stations and seven medium-power stations in the only television band then in use, known as Band I. It was considered impracticable to achieve fully national coverage using only the five channels available in this band and provision was made in the Stockholm Plan for additional stations in another band known as Band III. Since then, some of the eight channels in Band III have been allocated to the I.T.A. Television Service and so far none has been allocated to the B.B.C. The only immediate possibility of improving the coverage has therefore been to fit into Band I many more stations than were originally planned for it. By doing this the B.B.C. has succeeded in extending the coverage in Band I considerably beyond what was originally thought practicable, but not without much difficulty. Under the original plan, it was intended to arrange the twelve stations sharing the five channels in such a way as to avoid mutual interference between them; to avoid risk of such interference, it is desirable that high-power and medium-power stations using the same channel should be at least 250 miles apart. Since there are now already twenty-two B.B.C. stations on these five channels, it has not been possible to maintain this separation and it has become increasingly difficult to fit in further stations without reducing the coverage of those that are already working.

The five high-power stations (Alexandra Palace, Sutton Coldfield, Holme Moss, Kirk o'Shotts and Wenvoe) were all completed before the end of 1952, thus increasing the population coverage to 81 per cent. A series of medium-power and low-power stations followed and the coverage of the present twenty-two stations (including the Crystal Palace, which replaced the Alexandra Palace station in 1956) is estimated at 98.2 per cent. of the total population of the United Kingdom. When the station at Peterborough is completed in the autumn of this year the figure will be raised to 98.7 per cent. It must be admitted, however, that some viewers included in this figure are in areas where severe interference from foreign stations (and to a lesser extent from other B.B.C. stations) is liable to occur at times, especially from the long-distance 'scatter' transmissions that have recently come into use for communication services.

Difficulties of Total Coverage

It is the aim of the B.B.C., in fulfilling the responsibilities imposed by its Charter, to make its sound and television services available throughout the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man. But the difficulties of extending the coverage increase rapidly as it approaches 100 per cent. This is illustrated by the fact that the first television station served 25 per cent. of the population, the next four stations increased this figure by 56 per cent., and eighteen more stations have been necessary to make a further increase of 17.7 per cent. To bring the whole of the remaining 1.3 per cent. into the picture would require a very large number of stations. There are several reasons for this:

1. The areas remaining to be served are widely scattered and many of them are in mountainous country where it is difficult to provide satisfactory reception over a wide area because the towns and villages are usually in valleys some of which may be screened by hills from the transmitting station.

2. Any additional stations must be of rather low power, since they must use the same channels as existing stations. This condition would be less restrictive if it were possible to use channels in Band III, instead of the already crowded Band I.

The Engineering Division of the B.B.C. has studied the problem of designing the equipment for the low-power stations so as to keep down the capital and running costs of each station, and to avoid increasing the demands on technical staff. This study has resulted in the development of a 'translator', which receives the television signals from an existing station and re-transmits them on another channel. It is, in effect, a combination of transmitter and receiver, but the two are joined together in such a way that the normal output stage of the receiver and the input stage of the transmitter can be dispensed with. The result is like a centaur: the front part of one animal and the rear part of the other are joined directly together. This arrangement makes for economy and reliability, and it has been found possible to design the equipment so that it can work unattended. It is housed in steel cabinets that can stand in the open air.

With this method it is essential to find a site where reliable reception is possible from an existing station. As this may not always be the best site for transmitting to the area to be served, it will be necessary in some cases to separate the receiving and transmitting halves of the equipment and to join them together by a short radio link or cable. In that case separate masts must be provided for the receiving and transmitting aerials. The channel to be used for transmission must be carefully chosen so that the transmitted signals do not interfere either with reception at the station itself or with reception by viewers in the neighbourhood who are receiving other B.B.C. stations. Also the channel to be used for transmission must not itself be liable to interference from other stations and the power must be limited so as not to cause interference elsewhere. These factors limit the number of satellite stations that can be used in any area.

Satellite Stations

These considerations also apply to satellite stations for sound transmissions of V.H.F., except that instead of broadcasting sound and vision for one television programme they have to transmit three or four separate sound programmes. In many cases the same site can be used for both television and for V.H.F. sound.

In each case it will be necessary to make tests on potentially suitable sites in the area to find which is the best both for reception and for transmission. This work is already in progress and the construction of the first stations will start as soon as sites have been acquired for them. It is hoped to complete all the stations comprising the present plan by March 1962. The maps show roughly where they will be. The range of each is expected to be between three and twenty-five miles, depending on the power that it is possible to use and on the nature of the terrain. In many cases the stations will serve only one town, but some are intended to cover a considerably wider area.

The present plan will not complete the coverage, but it will bring the television and V.H.F. sound services to about 1,000,000 people—either for the first time or with greater clarity of reception.

Buddhist Cave Paintings at Tun-Huang (Faber, £6 6s.) contains seventy photographs in colour and monochrome, by John B. Vincent, of the principal fifth- to eleventh-century wall-decorations in the cave temples at Tun-Huang. Basil Gray provides the text, a historical essay and notes on the plates. There is an introduction by Arthur Waley. To Elek's 'Art of the East Library' have now been added, *Hiroshige*, by Takashi Suzuki, *Sharaku* and *Japanese Picture Scrolls*, both by Elise Grilli (15s. each). New additions to 'The Little Library of Art' (Methuen, 2s. 6d.) are four books on Japanese Art: (i) *Religious Art*, (ii) *Handscrolls*, (iii) *From Sesshu to the Ukiyo-Ye School*, and (iv) *Colour Prints*. All are by Alain Lemièr.

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The three latest additions to the Loeb Classical Library are *Livy XIV: Summaries, Fragments, General Index*, translated by A. C. Schlesinger, General Index by Russel M. Geer (this completes the translation of Livy in this Library); *Plutarch's Moralia VII*, translated by Phillip H. De Lacy and Benedict Einarson, and *Aelian on Animals II, Books VI-IX*, translated by A. F. Scholfield (Heinemann, 15s. each).

The Consequences of Lost Sleep

By R. T. WILKINSON

IN Cambridge we are making a scientific study of sleep: we have been asking large numbers of people to go without sleep and investigating how their behaviour, their working efficiency, and their bodily processes change as a result. The practical importance of this research is obvious, but the information we get should also help us to understand the more fundamental principles underlying the processes of sleep and wakefulness. We still have little idea of the bodily mechanisms that cause us to spend about a third of our life in sleep; we do not even have a clear idea why it is necessary. One way of probing these matters is to examine closely what happens when we do without it.

Little Loss in Efficiency

To start with we kept our subjects awake for one night, and compared what they could do on tests the next day with their performance after a normal night's sleep. One might think, and we rather expected, that it would be the very complex tasks requiring considerable intellectual effort that would be the most affected—for example, learning a difficult set of relationships or even playing chess. In fact the only tests that showed any loss in efficiency were the simple prolonged ones requiring little intellectual effort. An example is inspecting work for faults, as you might do if you were checking a script for typing errors. We also noticed that the way subjects felt mirrored their performance: in addition to doing well, the sleepy subjects felt fine during the complex interesting tests; spirits drooped as concentration flagged in the simple, tedious jobs, and subjects reported that intangible feeling of *malaise* which most of us know on 'the morning after'.

There are naturally wide individual differences in our results; one man may be considerably affected by losing sleep even in the complex tasks; another may do even better without sleep than with it. What we want to do is to show the range of these differences, and also to define the types of personality to be found at points along this range. A colleague of mine, D. W. J. Corcoran, is examining this question. Subjects are asked to answer a number of varied but carefully chosen questions; we can tell by their answers whether they are likely to do well on the sort of tests that lack of sleep affects most, and, although the relationships are not simple, we hope by these techniques eventually to be able to pick out the people most likely to be affected by loss of sleep over a given range of tasks.

But, however interesting individual variations may be, at this stage we have to think mainly in terms of performance of people as a whole. Considering the results of one night's loss of sleep on this basis we wondered if they meant that sleepless subjects were in fact as efficient as normals, provided they were doing a job that was interesting, had plenty of novelty and variety, and provided obvious, tangible rewards. This implied that those who have jobs of this sort may go without sleep with impunity, and this seemed too good to be true.

Awake for Sixty Hours

So we decided to increase the stress and see what happened. We are now keeping subjects awake for sixty hours, that is from the Tuesday morning until the Thursday evening. During this time they work an eighteen-hour day, four-and-a-half hours work on tests, one-and-a-half hours off for rest and a meal (but no sleep), four-and-a-half hours work, one-and-a-half hours off, and so on throughout the sixty hours. To keep the level of incentive and effort as high as possible we have introduced a competitive element among the subjects and three of the ten tests are in fact carefully scored games: chess, darts, and table tennis.

We are just over halfway through this experiment, but the

results so far show that we have failed to reduce any of our subjects to anything approaching a state of complete exhaustion. By Thursday, when they have been awake and working an eighteen-hour day since Tuesday morning, their learning ability is little affected, and they can play table tennis and darts as well as ever. Again it is mainly the simple, tedious jobs that they cannot do as well, but here the impairment may be severe. One test of this sort is rather like the work of a letter sorter in the Post Office. Speed and accuracy fall sharply and the work proceeds in short bursts of activity compared with the normal smooth rhythm of response. It is almost impossible for some people to carry on an hour's inspection work similar to watching a stream of articles as they pass by and picking out the occasional faulty one.

So far, then, our conclusion must be that the sleepless person remains as efficient as normal provided what he is doing is stimulating enough; as he goes longer without sleep fewer and fewer tasks meet this requirement but, even so, after sixty hours loss of sleep there are still many situations that are stimulating enough for his behaviour to appear normal.

Worry Worse than Insomnia

Ultimately, we might expect a point to be reached where the forces in the body making for inactivity and recuperative rest will be too much for even the most stimulating situation; judging by present results this might require more than a week with no sleep at all. Perhaps those who worry because they do not get their full seven to eight hours sleep a night may take consolation from the fact that our subjects showed so few ill-effects during and after their sixty-hour sleep-fast. On reflection I think they may be more likely to say that this knowledge does not make them feel any better after a bad night. All the same, I seriously suggest that worrying about lost sleep may cause more ill-effects than the insomnia itself. It was Emerson who said 'those only can sleep who do not care to sleep'. Anxiety, like the more stimulating tests we used, probably arouses the brain to higher levels of activity and, as with the tests, may in this way prevent the forces of sleeplessness from having their way. And, following worry over a bad night, anxiety may consume the body's energy and in this way lead to ill-effects.

I can only say anxiety *may* consume the body's energy. This is merely a guess because so far we have not been able to check the rate at which the body's energy is being consumed; this indeed has been the unknown factor in all our work so far, and has made it difficult for us to be precise about the effect of loss of sleep on efficiency in the fullest sense of the word. Defined mechanically, efficiency is the relation between output and input; we have been measuring output when we record subjects performance in the tests they do; but we have had no check on input. But what is input in relation to the human body? For a machine it is usually the amount of energy or fuel consumed; the same may be true for the human body, but here we might call it amount of effort put into the task. One possibility is that the sleepless body is rather like a car with a worn engine, which can still be made to go more or less as fast as when new, but which now uses more fuel in doing so. On the other hand it may be that people without sleep are only inefficient units as long as their environment is uninteresting; if their job is stimulating enough they may be in all respects as good as if they have had normal sleep; in this case extra effort may be spent only in trying to keep going on the tedious tasks.

There is already some admittedly slender evidence on these matters. In America nearly thirty years ago an experiment was carried out by Freeman in which subjects went without sleep

(continued on page 62)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

July 1-7

Wednesday, July 1

The Queen makes a radio and television broadcast to the people of Canada from Ottawa

President de Gaulle accepts an invitation from the Queen to pay a State visit to Britain next year

Herr Heinrich Lübke (Christian Democrat) is elected President of Federal Germany

Thursday, July 2

Members of the T.U.C. General Council, after discussion with the leaders of the printing unions, ask the Minister of Labour to try to bring both sides in the dispute together for talks

It is announced that the sterling area's gold and convertible currency reserves rose last month by £19,000,000

Friday, July 3

Printing union leaders see Home Secretary about the attitude of the police to pickets

In South Africa, police raiding the Durban suburb of Cato Manor (scene of riots last month) arrest twenty people and destroy 20,000 gallons of illicit liquor

Gary Player of South Africa wins the Open Golf Championship at Muirfield

Saturday, July 4

Representatives of the employers and unions meet at Ministry of Labour to discuss printing dispute, but no progress is made. National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants agrees to pooling of ink supplies, enabling the national newspapers to continue publishing for the moment

England beats India in the Third Test Match at Leeds by an innings and 173 runs, with more than two days to spare

Sunday, July 5

Mr. Ben-Gurion, Prime Minister of Israel, resigns because of disagreement in the government over selling arms to Federal Germany

President Sukarno of Indonesia dissolves his country's Constituent Assembly and assumes wide powers

Temperatures in southern England reach the nineties

Monday, July 6

Talks at Ministry of Labour between representatives of the printing ink manufacturers and the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants break down

Commons debate the printing dispute

The Nato Council rejects request by Italy and Belgium for a meeting of Nato Ministers before the resumption of the Geneva Conference

Tuesday, July 7

Ink supplies in store outside London sufficient to last until Sunday are to be made available to the national newspapers. The Transport and General Workers Union pledges 'all practicable support' for the printing workers if it is needed

Ernest Newman, the music critic, dies aged ninety



Mr. R. W. Briginshaw, General Secretary of the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants, arriving at the Ministry of Labour to take part in one of the discussions last week aimed at finding a way of ending the dispute in the printing industry



The red drawing-room of Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, bequeathed to the National Trust by Mr. James de Rothschild in 1957; the mansion, with its 150 acres of parkland, is now open to the public for the first time. It is noted for its collection of eighteenth-century French decorative art



The Queen presenting new colours to Sutherland Highlanders at a ceremony in Ottawa, on July 1, Dominion Day, and the Duke of Edinburgh when they spent a



The two singles titles at Wimbledon Saturday against Miss D. Hardwick, the previous champion

Right: the Serpentine Lido in H



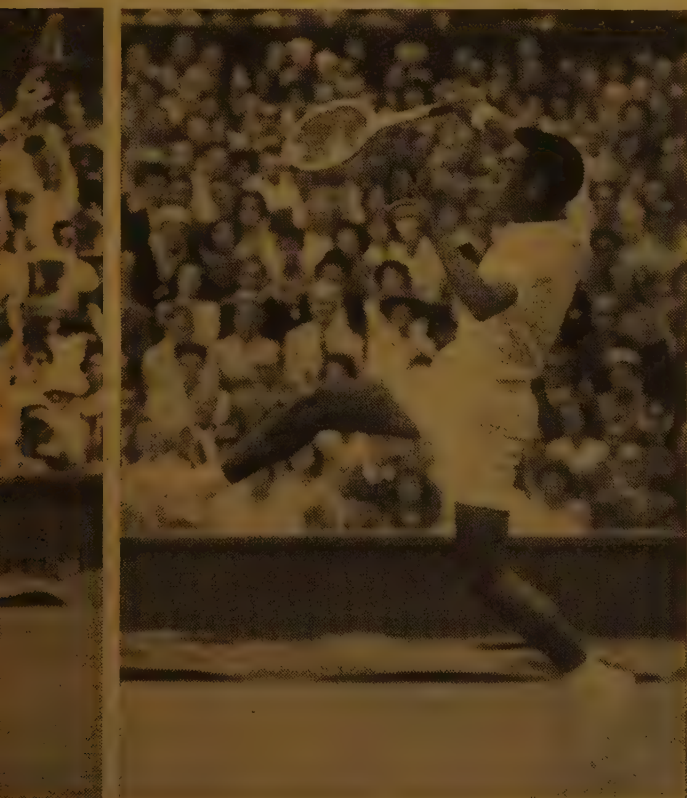
Princess Margaret, who is President of the University College of North Staffordshire, photographed as she arrived at the college buildings at Keele, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, for the conferment of degrees on July 1

adian Argyll and
Parliament Hill,
6 Her Majesty
States territory

Right: Princess Paola Ruffo di Calabria making her responses during her marriage in Brussels on July 2 to Prince Albert, brother of King Baudouin and heir presumptive to the Belgian throne. The ceremony was televised



Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the Chancellor of Federal Germany, congratulating Dr. Heinrich Lübke (left), former Minister of Food and Agriculture, after his election last week as President in succession to Professor Heuss (see also page 44)



went to Latin America: Miss M. Bueno of Brazil in play last week, whom she beat 6-4, 6-3; and A. Olmedo of Peru in play, whom he beat 6-4, 6-3, 6-4

weekend when temperatures in southern England reached the nineties



(continued from page 59)

and performed certain mental tests; at the same time Freeman measured the amount of tension or activity in the quadriceps muscle of the leg. His technique was crude but he concluded that although performance was maintained the level of muscle tension was unusually high. In this country, at about the same time, Laird obtained a similar result, measuring oxygen consumption of the body instead of muscle tension. Recent work unconnected with lack of sleep has given us reason to suspect that high levels of muscle tension accompany high effort or motivation. Again, the rate of oxygen consumption or the metabolic rate of the body is used as an indication of rate of energy expenditure in the more physical types of work. Altogether, then, these findings may show us the way to make the measurements of effort we need in our examination of the problems of loss of sleep and level of arousal of the body.

Using modern techniques of muscle tension measurement much in advance of those available to Freeman we are now checking his results. Electrodes are placed over certain muscles, and

the fluctuating voltage between them, due to the activity of the many small motor units within the muscle, gives an indication of the amount of activity present. Early indications confirm Freeman's results to the effect that work after loss of sleep is accompanied by extra effort, but we hope to go further than this.

For example, we want to know if *any* extra effort is involved in doing stimulating tasks after loss of sleep. Or is it that the only really damaging effect of losing sleep is an abnormally high cost in effort when subjects are anxious enough to maintain performance on the tedious, unstimulating tasks?

In the laboratory it is not always easy to obtain levels of motivation as high as this. To make subjects anxious to do well we cannot pay them heavily; nor do we feel inclined to follow the example of one experimenter who arranged for his subjects to get a painful electric shock every time they made an error. But we can make use of individual differences among subjects. In every group there are usually one or two who, as a matter of pride, are determined not to let losing sleep impair their performance in any

way; it is these individuals who maintain, and sometimes even better, their normal scores when kept awake, and it is among these that we can look for the possible high energy cost of maintaining concentration and output in the tedious task.

We should not be over-optimistic; it may be that muscle tension will be only an approximate indication of the level of effort and the consequent drain on the body's reserves of energy. But we are prepared to make use of other possible indicators as additional sources of information on this crucial point. These would include oxygen consumption, which I have already mentioned, and also pulse rate and level of electrical resistance of the skin.

I wish I could look into the future and describe the results of this new line of research, but it may be years before we can assess them with confidence. Psychology, the scientific study of behaviour, is a young science, and a study of the laws governing level of arousal of the human body and related questions of loss of sleep is one of its newest projects.

—Network Three

The Poet of Echoes

J. M. COHEN on William Collins, the bicentenary of whose death occurs this year

THE middle of the eighteenth century was not a happy time for poetry in any European country. It was an age when form constricted expression, and the pressures of a polite society which modelled itself on a largely imaginary classical past, drove every poet in on himself. Religion had ossified; philosophical faith was hard to find. The little good poetry of the time was the product of the poet's unease. Yet to proclaim his unease, to dramatize his personal vulnerability to an insensitive society, was forbidden him by the rigid rules of taste of that society. The poet in fact had to assume a disguise; almost he had to conceal his unhappy situation even from himself.

Hence it was that of the four outstanding English poets who were writing 200 years ago not one fulfilled his early promise. Three of them—William Cowper, a sensitive and reflective writer, who was considered in his youth the potential Horace of his time; Christopher Smart, the author of one poem, the splendid, headlong 'Song of David'; and William Collins, whose bicentenary is celebrated this year—all suffered severe mental breakdowns and were considered mad by their contemporaries, while the fourth, Thomas Gray, preserved a precarious sanity by avoiding almost all intellectual efforts. William Cowper suffered from intermittent melancholia, Smart died insane, Gray was enforcedly idle, and Collins spent the last ten years of his short life in a kind of melancholic lethargy. From the age of twenty-seven to that of thirty-seven, he produced nothing that has survived. A few late poems are said to have existed in manuscript, and to have been destroyed after his death. Perhaps among them were fragments as strangely lucid as those of Hölderlin's madness. We shall never know. All that we have of Collins covers no more than

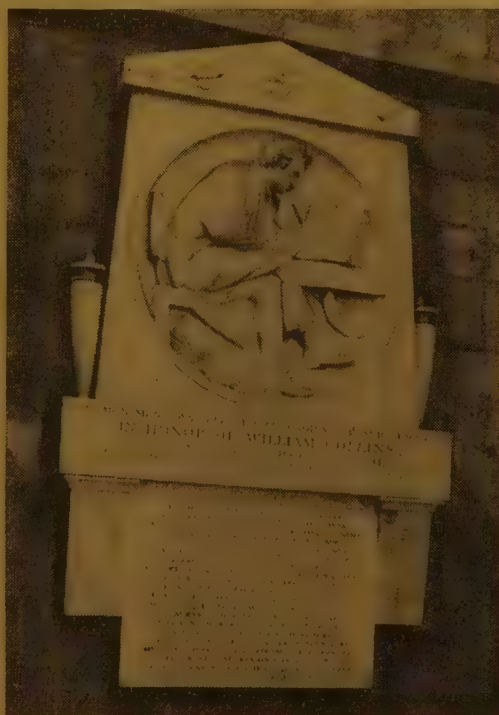
100 pages, and at the moment of his eclipse in 1749 he was at the height of his powers.

William Collins was clearly a poet of profound discords. His lines are smooth, his language at first reading seems conventional, yet his choice of subjects immediately betrays him. 'An Ode to Fear', one to the Passions, and one on the prevalence of the supernatural—characterized as 'Popular Superstitions'—in the High-

lands of Scotland: all three odes to some degree, and the Scottish ode in particular, hymn the unconscious forces of poetic inspiration in a way that foreshadows the Romantics. Indeed, of all the eighteenth-century poets Collins was the one whom the Romantic poet and theorist Coleridge appreciated most; he was at the same time the one whom the eighteenth-century pundit Samuel Johnson liked least. Collins's imagery at times looks forward to that of the Romantics; his form and language, on the other hand, constantly echo those of Milton, and behind Milton of Shakespeare, and the metrical patterns of his odes are closely modelled on those of John Dryden. One may say, in fact, that Collins never achieved absolute technical independence. All his poems are full of echoes, yet of echoes that are never at odds with the main burden of the poem.

But what is strongest in Collins united him rather with the future than with the past. It is as a premature Romantic rather than as a belated Augustan that he has most value for us today. The force of his 'Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland'—which he had never visited—depends on its description of unearthly scenes in limpid and unemphatic language. Take, for example, his warning against the will-o'-the-wisp or marsh-light, that is said to lure travellers from the path to sink in the morasses of the lonely Highlands:

Let not dank Will mislead you to the heath;
Dancing in mirky night o'er fen and lake,
He glows to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitched, low, marshy, willow brake:
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer the excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of your faithless light;
For watchful, lurking mid the unrusting reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,



A monument to William Collins in Chichester cathedral, by John Flaxman

National Buildings Record

And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
surprise.

These Highland superstitions are a subject for poetry that he warmly commends; gloom and inspiration are for him closely allied; and when towards the end of the ode he invokes the theme of majesty, it is a majestic desolation that he presents, the haunted desolation of the island of St. Kilda with its ruined tombs of a pigmy race and of their ancient kings. 'Unbounded is thy range', he tells the friend whom he is encouraging to write a poem on these Highland themes:

Unbounded is thy range; with varied stile
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which
spring

From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid
isle,

To that hoar pile which still its ruin shows:

In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd
ground!

Or thither where beneath the showery west

The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest.

No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,

The rifting mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the Monarchs stalk with sovereign
power

In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny
gold,

And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

The stanza opens stiffly, but soon with its invocation of these mighty, long-dead kings it achieves independence of the Miltonic convention. 'Feathery tribes', 'rude rocks', 'hoar pile': these are the clichés of the eighteenth-century style. But the second half of the stanza is a completely individual achievement. In its hints of faery magic it suggests the future triumphs of a later writer of such odes, John Keats.

Sense of History

Collins's sense of history, which he shared with Gray and Cowper and other poets of the age, comes out not only here in his vision of early Pictish kings, but also in his more overtly patriotic 'Ode to Liberty', and the little ode of 1746 dedicated to those who had fallen in the European and colonial war that ended in that year:

How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy Fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd Mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter Sod,
Than Fancy's Feet have ever trod.

By Fairy Hands their Knell is rung,
By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To bless the Turf that wraps their Clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there!

Chief among the forces of order with which Collins balanced those powers of disorder that prompted his Highland ode were freedom and patriotism. In essence, it was on society that he relied to check the gloomy onslaughts of the personal, or, as we should say today, of the unconscious or inner side of his nature. Poetry, which he knew to spring from this inner nature, was transferred to the other side in his frag-

mentary 'Ode on the Use and Abuse of Poetry', all but two stanzas of which have disappeared. For Orpheus is described as a 'moral' force; and poetry is seen as the spring whence 'society and law and sacred order rose'. Here is the complete stanza:

Such was wise Orpheus' moral song,
The lonely cliffs and caves among:
From hollow oak, or mountain-den,
He drew the naked, gazing men;
Or where in turf-built sheds, or rushy bowers,
They shiver'd in cold winter showers,
Or sunk in heapy snows;
Then sudden, while his melting music stole
With powerful magic o'er each softening soul,
Society, and law, and sacred order rose.

When Inspiration Ceased

Orpheus had come to reduce that landscape of lonely cliffs and caves in which Collins's Muse was most at home to eighteenth-century neatness. It may have been that poetry seemed to the poet a moral force capable of keeping his mental disorders in check. Perhaps he tamed the disorders of his imagination when he imprisoned them in the strict patterns of the formal ode. Yet it was from these very disorders of the spirit that his inspiration sprang. We cannot fully understand his psychological nature. We have too little evidence. But it must be at about the moment when he wrote his 'Ode on the Use and Abuse of Poetry' that his inspiration ceased and his sanity crumbled.

There is nothing in Collins's life that will account for his lapse into half insanity at the age of twenty-seven. The son of a prosperous hatter in the southern cathedral city of Chichester, he received a classical education at Winchester, one of the finest schools of the day, and took a degree at Oxford. Various relatives tried to persuade him to a career in the Church or the Army, and he might also have stayed on at Oxford as a don. But this would have meant his taking clerical orders, which he was unwilling to do. Unfitted by temperament for a soldier or a clergyman, he endeavoured to make a living by literature, and moved to London. He undertook translations and planned a historical work, but carried nothing through. His friends, of whom he had many, spoke of him as indolent.

He read widely in several languages, and published two books of poetry, the first of Persian Eclogues while he was still at Oxford. These were in a convention of the day, and Collins later remarked that they might just as well have been Irish, so little were they Persian in anything but their geographical references. The book of Odes followed, published when Collins was twenty-five; and it did not sell. A small legacy relieved him from absolute poverty, and after his breakdown he returned to Chichester to live with a married sister. He had no stronger personal ties than those of friendship. He is said to have been in love all his life with a young lady one day older than himself who did not return his affections. His poem, 'written on a paper which contained a piece of bride cake given to the author by her', is no more than a formal exercise. Clearly his love was not a subject on which he was able to write. Punningly he claimed in reference to their respective birthdays to have come into the world a day after the fair.

In his Chichester retirement Collins was

occasionally visited by his friends. They found him troubled in mind. 'What he said wanted neither judgment nor spirit', reported one, 'but a few minutes exhausted him, and he was forced to rest upon the couch'. When persuaded to visit Oxford, he could not get from his lodgings to a friend's near by without the help of a servant. Another friend, visiting him in Chichester, found him disturbed by a dream in which he saw himself as a schoolboy falling from a branch of a tall tree. The friend tried to laugh him out of his fancy, but in vain. Collins insisted that the tree was the tree of poetry. It was this tree that he had celebrated in his 'Ode on the Poetical Character':

High on some Cliff, to Heav'n up-piled,
Of rude Access, of Prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous Steep,
Strange Shades o'erbrow the Valleys deep,
And holy Genii guard the Rock,
Its Gloomes embrown, its Springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious Head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
I view that Oak, the fancied Glades among,
By which as Milton lay, His Ev'ning Ear,
From many a Cloud that drop'd Ethereal Dew,
Nigh spher'd to Heav'n its native Strains could
hear:

On which that ancient Trump he reach'd was
hung.

From this tree of poetry Collins had fallen in his dream. Even in his imagination he did not believe he had sustained any hurt. Yet he ended his life, in solitude and silence, unable to leave his strange sister, who, according to a friend's letter, 'loved money to excess, and evinced so outrageous an aversion to her brother, because he squandered or gave away to the boys in the Cathedral cloisters whatever money he had, that she destroyed, in a paroxysm of resentment, all his papers, and whatever remained of his enthusiasm for poetry, as far as she could'. Thus perished perhaps the finest English poet of his times.—*European Services*

At Birth

Come from a distant country,
Bundle of flesh, of blood,
Demanding painful entry,
Expecting little good:
There is no going back
Among those thickets where
Both night and day are black
And blood's the same as air.

Strangely you come to meet us,
Stained, mottled, as if dead:
You bridge the dark hiatus
Through which your body slid
Across a span of muscle,
A breadth my hand can span.
The gorged and brimming vessel
Flows over, and is man.

Dear daughter, as I watched you
Come crumpled from the womb,
And sweating hands had fetched you
Into this world, the room
Opened before your coming
Like water struck from rocks
And echoed with your crying
Your living paradox.

ANTHONY THWAITE

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

AT certain times and places, as in the sixteenth century in France, drawing became a staple mode of portraiture, but it is both surprising and exciting to find so great a wealth and variety of portrait drawings of all periods from the fourteenth century onwards as have been assembled in the Print Room of the British Museum. The exhibition has not only drawn on the incomparable resources of the British Museum itself but important works have also been borrowed from the Victoria and Albert and Fitzwilliam Museums; the result is an extraordinary display of masterpieces, curiosities, documents, and illustrations of history. The variety is so great that no description can do it justice; the eye wanders from Michelangelo's only self-portrait to Toulouse-Lautrec at his most incisive, from Voltaire playing chess to Rubens's proud negress, from the study on which Goya based all his portraits of the Duke of Wellington to John Siferras offering the Lovel Lectionary to his patron.

The English have often been blamed for preferring portraiture to all other branches of art and no doubt the British Museum has acquired so many portrait drawings just because of this preference. But a general survey of the exhibition suggests that portraiture really is one of the most exciting activities in which an artist can engage; again and again one is amused or interested by some minor artist's essay in this branch of art though his ordinary work may well leave one cold. And yet, as we all know, nothing is more boring than the average country house's, board-room's, or college hall's collection of portraits. The explanation seems to lie in the paradoxical fact that portrait painting acts as a stimulus to the artist's talent only when it is not his single activity; with one or two obvious exceptions all the best portraits—Rembrandt, Rubens, Raphael, Goya, Cézanne—are by artists who have habitually painted other subjects, while all the duller are by the professional face-painters. Even the brightest talent, even that of a Gainsborough, seems to be dimmed by twenty or thirty years of close and continuous contact with human vanity, but, as this exhibition shows, the artist who goes out of his way to make an occasional drawing of a friend, or a note of the features of some interesting person he has met, will often produce an exceptionally arresting work. And if he looks in the mirror the result may be as fascinating and unexpected as the self-portrait by Poussin shown here, surely much more re-

vealing than the well-known self-portrait in oils in the Louvre.

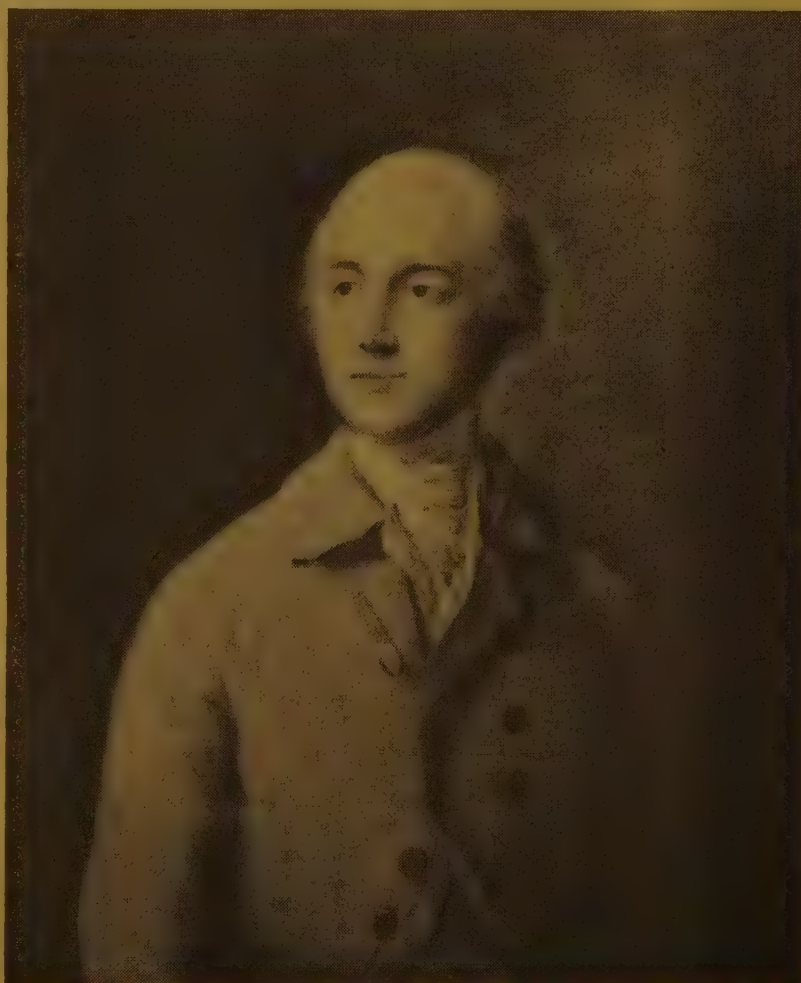
In 1759 Josiah Wedgwood set up as an independent potter and this bicentenary is marked by an exhibition, mainly devoted to his own

that formed the basis of Wedgwood's ornament. A section of the exhibition is given up to the modern productions of the firm and here there may be seen, in ornament designed by Eric Ravilious, Edward Bawden, Arnold Machin and others, a similar modification, with a similar caution and high finish, of decorative idioms derived from modern art.

Riopelle, whose paintings are shown at Tooth's Gallery, has developed into what might well be thought a contradiction in terms, a highly professional and even conscientious practitioner of action painting. The element of the accidental which is claimed, perhaps without much justification, for the productions of such painters as Sam Francis, is nowhere apparent in these pictures; every square inch of the thick and richly varied surface of paint must have been thoughtfully worked over. Such careful manipulation of the medium makes it possible for Riopelle to exhibit works of moderate size; his canvases do not have to be enormous in order that they may not be mistaken for a mere mess made with paint.

Michonze, who exhibits at the Adams Gallery, is certainly an individualist and perhaps even an eccentric. He is a Russian artist who works in Paris, he was born in 1902, and yet most of his work consists of compositions of many figures executed in minute detail which suggest that he has made a close study of Brueghel. The quality of paint is excellent and the artist's touch appropriately sensitive.

At Agnew's Gallery there is a summer exhibition of English pictures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, many of them works of great interest and importance. An oval painting of a young sportsman by Stubbs is done in enamel on porcelain—there are two portraits by him in the same medium in the Wedgwood exhibition—and because this medium is not susceptible to the dilapidation of oil paint and varnish it looks as fresh as if it had been painted yesterday. It is a work of enormous charm, largely because it is executed in a miniaturist's technique to which Stubbs's talent was particularly well suited. Two large paintings of children by James Ward the animal painter are very curious and so also is a very early painting of a child by Reynolds, rather in the style of his master, Hudson. Gainsborough's portrait of Francis John Browne shines out as an obvious masterpiece, even though it is extremely restrained in colour and one of the most discreet and delicate of all his works.



'Francis John Browne', by Thomas Gainsborough, from the exhibition at Thomas Agnew's, 43 Old Bond Street

productions, in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The improvements he made in the quality of earthenware by the application of science and the organization of industrial processes may be studied and also his gradual application to pottery of the neo-classical taste, which he modified in a singularly polite and gentlemanly fashion; he had great difficulty in using actual copies of the Antique, for he had observed that 'none either male or female, of the present generation, will take or apply them to furniture, if the figures are naked'. He completed, in fact, the transition between pottery conceived as a peasant art, as Staffordshire and English Delft certainly were in the seventeenth century or even later, and ceramics established as fit ornament for a palace. The gain was obvious, but the loss more subtle and insidious, for the perfection of finish must have concealed from many the lack of vitality in nearly all the figures

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Democracy in a Hot Climate

Sir,—Mr. Austen Kark's talk 'Democracy in a Hot Climate' (THE LISTENER, July 2) is full of inaccuracies and personal feelings. Where he tried to state facts I thought he got them all wrong. Above all, he was illogical in his defence of democracy in West Africa.

It goes without saying that an educated electorate is essential to democracy. But to assert that there is a relation between climate and democracy is next to absurdity. Democracy as an institution of government in France is different from that of Great Britain. Are these two countries not in the same temperate zone? The secret is that foreign countries can import the British system of government but they can never import the British spirit and temperament. These are intangibles though they are the lubricants of true democracy.

It was as early as the late fourteenth century that Europeans started to pour into West Africa in their waves. When the slave trade began the British were the most notorious. John Hawkins, the father of the slave trade, was an Englishman. Slavery was endemic, though it was Hawkins who first transported slaves across the Atlantic. He shocked the Christian world by calling his vessel in which the slaves were exported 'Jesus'. Further, there is no truth in saying that Europeans brought Mohammedanism to West Africa. This religion reached some parts of West Africa before Western civilization.

We must refrain from talking about the bad sides of human history because they serve no purpose here. If we insist on talking much about tribal warfare, cannibalism, and ritual murder as things peculiar to Africans we seem to suppress our conscience. Before the Saxon heptarchy, tribal warfare was a daily occurrence on this island. The Wars of the Roses were factionist warfare. And before the Act of Union of 1701, the relation between the Scots and the English was more than tribal warfare. People talk about cannibal tribes without identifying such tribes; they talk about markets where human flesh was sold without naming such markets. It is all ridiculous. If there was (or there is) such a thing as cannibalism, it can be put down to psychopathic reasons or excessive starvation. We know the atrocities of the Tower of London in medieval times. What happened to Charles I, Mary Queen of Scots, and Thomas Becket (a religious man at that) are still fresh in our memory. Are these not instances of ritual murder? What is needed of us is to repent for our sins rather than to point at other people's.

What was expected of Mr. Kark was to tell us what democracy is, what are its characteristics in West Africa, and what he wants it to be. Explaining away why democracy is unworkable in West Africa is not enough.

Yours, etc.,

Leeds

ALBERT K. KYE

Compulsory Latin

Sir,—One could not hope to read a fairer presentation of the pros and cons of compulsory Latin in schools than that which you

printed in THE LISTENER of June 25. Yet I should not be surprised to learn that many people, after reading Mr. Walter James's talk, will feel more sure than ever that the retention of compulsory Latin has become an anomaly.

For, leaving the universities out of the argument, should we not consider what is the real purpose of school education? Personally I am not in doubt about this. Apart from the all-important training of character, the underlying purpose should be the enrichment of adult lives, partly by assisting the development and fruition of innate capacities, and partly by broadening children's interests to the maximum, so that their later lives may be fuller and more enjoyable. The 'necessary drudgery' need hardly extend beyond a mastery of the three Rs.

In the last few years the opportunities for a full life have greatly increased. To take but one example, foreign travel is now a possibility for almost anyone who really wants it sufficiently. Yet how poorly is our school curriculum geared to the fullest development of these opportunities. Children are still taught several subjects which have little bearing on the adult life of most of them. Latin is only one of these. Others, it may be suggested, include algebra, geometry, and chemistry.

None of these is useless. But our lives could be far more enriched by a radically different allocation of school time. How many, for instance, on leaving school, can walk through a town understanding, even seeing, anything of its architecture? How many learn anything about painting? How many can derive from a country walk the pleasures they might if the time spent on Latin or algebra had been devoted to learning about flowers and trees and birds? The visual side of life, in particular, is still shockingly neglected in our education, and it seems to me a great and quite unnecessary deprivation.

As for the most important question of learning to use our wonderful language as it should be used, I am assuredly one of those, referred to by Mr. James, who would wish to see this achieved not through the drudgery of elementary Latin but through the enlightened teaching of English itself.

Reading all the recent arguments on the subject of compulsory Latin, one cannot escape the feeling that the 'pros' are content to sacrifice the ninety-and-nine to the one brilliant child, who, as Mr. James implies, would probably excel equally in whatever he chose to specialize. Personally, as one who spent countless hours at school 'doing' Latin and Greek, I believe that no one has ever written wiser or truer words on this subject than did Montaigne, nearly 400 years ago. 'The Greek and Latin tongues', he declared, 'are a great ornament in a gentleman, but they are acquired at an over-high cost'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

Sir,—In his very interesting talk about that world-wide problem, the teaching of Latin, Mr. Walter James says: 'There is still a tradition, in some of our leading schools, that the brightest

pupils are steered on to the classical side'.

I should like to point out that the same practice exists in France, and, I think, in most Western countries. Moreover, it is not based on tradition alone, but on common sense as well. Science being in the present world a compelling necessity, and classical culture a luxury—however good and wholesome—it is only natural that Latin and Greek should be reserved for the type of pupil who can shoulder the extra burden with a smile. To them, and to them only, it is worth while. They usually beat the others at science, and find time to do some music and painting as well. The majority of our scientists and leading engineers have taken Latin at school and want their children to do the same if they can. But who would advise a slow-working lad to plod through his declensions till he is eighteen?

The problems of education are greatly obscured by current misconceptions of equality. True equality only means that the bright boy has no right to despise the dunce, who may turn out braver and better than himself; but reason orders that the mental and bodily powers of each should be developed to the utmost.

An English curriculum is of course no concern of ours; but Mr. James is right in thinking the abandonment of Latin would sadden some admirers of English culture.

Yours, etc.,

Breloux-la-Crèche

FRANÇOIS VILLANEAU

Professeur agrégé d'anglais

Ibsen's Symbolism

Sir,—When Shaw wrote in his preface to *Major Barbara* that 'the conception of clever people parthogenetically bringing forth complete original cosmogonies by dint of sheer "brilliance" is part of that ignorant credulity which is the despair of the honest philosopher', he must have anticipated the letters of Mr. Cruickshank and Mr. Arup. Certainly Ibsen's obsession with the conflict between spiritual idealism and the exigencies of a debased capitalism with its one day a week religiosity was part of a *Zeitgeist* manifested by such diverse characters as Marx, Nietzsche, Baudelaire, Schopenhauer, and many others.

At the same time the evidence that Ibsen had read Kierkegaard and that, having done so, he denied Kierkegaard's influence is clear from the many biographies. It will not do to be snooty about Brand's recognition of that influence. 'Either-Or' is echoed in Brand's 'All or Nothing', in Peer Gynt's very refusal to make a choice, and in all the variations of this theme throughout the plays. But Kierkegaard only confirmed the contradiction which Ibsen had already recognized in conflict of the individual with his environment. Although I would agree that Ibsen's greatness is seen in his perception of the scope of the human predicament over and above the particular social context, the social situation was very much in Ibsen's mind as the inescapable influence in making men what they are. It can be translated into other social manifestations but it cannot be ignored.

In asking explanation of how Ibsen influenced so many diverse playwrights, Mr. Cruickshank almost answers his own question. It is a big subject but briefly these reasons can be advanced:

Shaw: The fatal conflict between romance and reality when 'reality' is a debased materialism and 'romance' the blinkers which hide the dangers of collision with reality.

Pirandello: 'Reality' being seen as inhuman becomes meaningless. Retreat into the subjective Berkeleyan world. 'It is if you think it is'. Influence on Ionesco and Beckett.

Chekhov: As indicated above, Chekhov saw life in parallel terms because individual values were everywhere in conflict with social values. But there may have been a direct influence for Chekhov proclaims in his letters his admiration for Ibsen.

Sartre: One of the many clumsy and superficial imitators of Ibsen who believe you are being 'Ibsenite' if you compress universal issues into midget 'symbolical' cryptograms.

Eliot is the most interesting and the most profound of the writers influenced by Ibsen. He has recognized that the modern bourgeois democratized world cannot accept the old inflated drama with bigger-than-life characters spouting in palaces. Nevertheless, he believes that drama can still be 'classical' as much as Shaw did. That is, he believes that drama can deal with the essential human issues of life and death even though the setting is modernized. The result has been that he has stripped his poetry of the 'poetical' in the sense that it is not poeticized or versified because he seeks that lightning flash of revelation through the same bare and stark kind of dialogue which Ibsen uses and which achieves poetry because it is the most economical and transparent medium for the truth. Eliot has publicly acknowledged his debt to Ibsen as the dramatist who has succeeded in showing how the universal human issues may be rendered in contemporary terms and the drama be classical even though it is set in a drawing room.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

HENRY ADLER

Forgotten Galleries

Sir,—Mr. James Aitchison finds significance in the fact that I avoid discussing the point that the annual purchasing grant in Glasgow is £1,250. Significant of what? In an attempt to be brief the criticism of Mr. Quentin Bell's article was limited to a *selection* of some misleading comments. Surely there is a difference between 'Forgotten' and 'inadequately supported?' Take an example—limited to the Gallery of French Art. In recent years there have been added, through purchase, good examples of works by Gauguin, Courbet, Pissarro, Sisley, Utrillo, Signac, Cassatt, Derain, Marcoussis, and Marquet; most of them through the Hamilton Trust, whose sole function is to buy oil paintings for the Glasgow Gallery. Moreover, the acquisition of works of art is not confined exclusively to annual grants; witness the purchase of Whistler's 'Carlyle', the 'Dalma-hoy' portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the controversial Dali.

During the present crazy spell in the auction rooms it is impossible, not to say imprudent, for public collections to try to fill the gaps. The rich private collector, who has discovered a new kind of currency, should be encouraged to remember

the 'forgotten' galleries. Glasgow has been very notably kept in mind by its public-spirited citizens.

In addition to running the Gallery and Museums (spending around £100,000 per annum) the Corporation supports the Citizens Theatre and the Scottish National Orchestra. Of course it could, and ought to, do a great deal more: but as one privileged to enjoy the freedom to criticize, I am bound to recognize the signs of restored memories and of a new sense of responsibility. Nevertheless, touching the pictorial arts, have we not now reached the stage when we should be giving less thought, time, and money to acquisitions—important as they are—and turn more in the direction of the man in the street, who has not yet found the way to the full enjoyment of his own property? The last sentence of your admirable article on the Gulbenkian Foundation report, 'Help for the Arts' would seem to indicate as much. 'Undoubtedly artists and writers have still to educate their masters—and their patrons'.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

T. J. HONEYMAN

'Wolfe at Quebec'

Sir,—As I anticipated, Professor Carrington's 'well-authenticated' evidence turns out to be Robison's uncorroborated story. As any lawyer will tell him the value of such evidence is independent of the number of people, be it three or three hundred, to whom it is retailed. But one does not have to call Robison a liar to criticize his story. The lines from the 'Elegy' were spoken and he heard them, but not on the night of the attack. With sound known to carry so clearly across water, the idea of Wolfe's declaiming loud enough to be heard by one who, being little more than a civilian (Robison 'ranked' as a midshipman), would hardly have been in the general's proximity, and at a time when silence was enjoined and vital to the success of the operations, is preposterous. Moreover if this, the traditional account, were true, is it not odd, in view of Wolfe's death a few hours later, that no sort of corroboration has come down from anyone else in that crowded boat? Surely they, like Robison, had post-war audiences eager to learn every detail of that night's adventure?

The quotation was obviously made on the previous night's reconnaissance and even of this incident Robison was not, as Professor Carrington states, an 'eye-witness', but an ear-witness. This is no quibble. In the darkness Robison could only have *heard* the muttered lines which, as I believe, came more apropos from some facetious officer (who like his General would be familiar with the best-selling 'Elegy') than from Wolfe himself. The acid commentary that followed ('Gentlemen, I would rather . . .') could of course have been said only by Wolfe and is indeed thoroughly in keeping with his character. In after years when telling his story what more natural than that Robison should attribute these events to the night of the assault and merge the two voices into one?

Professor Carrington may not agree with this interpretation but for him to talk about 'unpardonable liberties' being taken with so uncorroborated an account is quite unwarrantable. As for his accusing Mr. Hibbert of cynicism I see nothing to justify the charge—that is if we accept the dictionary's definition of the word.—Yours, etc.,

Billingshurst

W. BARING PEMBERTON

Sir,—May I say a few last words about this Gray's 'Elegy' story?

Professor Carrington and I agree that Wolfe did make his famous remark; what we don't agree about is the manner of his making it. My 'cynical' interpretation, as Professor Carrington calls it, is based on the evidence of Sir Walter Scott who knew Professor Robison well. And it was from a letter which Scott wrote to Southey on September 22, 1830, that I quoted in my book. Scott had heard that Southey was working on an edition of Wolfe's letters and wrote to tell him that he had 'repeatedly heard the Professor' tell the story of Wolfe's reading or reciting Gray's 'Elegy'. Scott's version of the story which Robison used to tell differs from others in that there is a suggestion that Wolfe became annoyed as the 'recitation was not so well received as he expected'. Whereupon Wolfe said, 'with a good deal of animation, "I can only say, Gentlemen, that, if the choice were mine, I would rather be the author of these verses than win the battle which we are to fight tomorrow morning"'. It must not be supposed that this was a matter of serious election'.

The other versions of the story, which leave out the suggestion of Wolfe's irritation, are, of course, more romantic; but Scott's seems to me to have the ring of truth.

The anecdote, in any case, does not, I think, so well reveal Wolfe's appreciation of the poem as does his own copy of it which was afterwards found amongst his possessions. This copy is marked with notes in Wolfe's handwriting and these comments, it must be agreed, are more deeply felt than perspicacious. Against the lines:

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of their soul

are the sadly commonplace, bitter and, I hope Professor Carrington will forgive me for saying so, characteristic remarks of this heroic and dedicated man: 'How ineffectual are oft our own unaided exertions especially in early Life! How many shining Lights owe to Patronage and Affluence what their Talents would never procure them!'

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Last of the Barrel-organs

Sir,—In the talk reproduced in 'Did You Hear That?' (THE LISTENER, July 2) David Fairhall says that most of the surviving barrel-organs in working order 'are owned by clubs, churches, or private collectors'. From the reference to 'churches' it is clear that Mr. Fairhall has failed to differentiate between the genuine and correctly named barrel *organ*, a splendid example of which is still used to accompany the singing every Sunday in Shelland church, Suffolk, and of which a number of other fine examples survive in village churches and museums, and the street *piano*, colloquially and incorrectly also termed 'barrel-organ', which was the subject of his interesting talk. I should be very surprised to hear that any church harboured an instrument of this variety. The popular application of the term 'hurdy-gurdy' to the street piano is of course equally inaccurate and misleading.

Yours, etc.,

S. GODMAN

Lewes

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Nehru: a Political Biography

By Michael Brecher. Oxford. 42s.

Reviewed by SIR FRANCIS MUDIE

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU has been Prime Minister of India for twelve years and since Patel's death in 1950 he has wielded almost autocratic power. All the fears which were expressed before 1947 that, after Independence, India would rapidly dissolve into chaos, have been falsified. Politically India, unlike Pakistan, has been stable and internally there has been peace. The credit must go very largely to Nehru.

Mr. Brecher rates Nehru high, with Roosevelt, Churchill, Lenin, and Mao, but he is not uncritical. He stresses his weaknesses, his impatience, his vacillation and his readiness to yield to pressure. His strength is derived from his passionate appeals to the principles of that Westernized political philosophy which was also the philosophy of the Indian National Congress as a whole and of the Indian intelligentsia, and from his gift of oratory, which has endeared him to the masses. In fact he is the only Congressman who has any all-India popular appeal. He is the only leader who can influence a general election in every part of the country and for that reason, even if for no other, the Congress Party must support him and must, when he insists, do what he tells them, a task which is made easier by his habit of searching for a compromise formula which will be acceptable to everyone, but which will, very probably, never be translated into action. He is also a Brahmin, the accepted heir of Mahatma Gandhi and, except for Gandhi himself, he has been the most prominent member of the Indian National Congress.

All this is well brought out in this book, but no mention is made of the debt which Nehru owes to the Civil Service which he took over from the British and which, in its higher ranks, was in quality second to none in the world. Nor is any adequate mention made of the training, as parliamentarians and administrators, of so many of Nehru's colleagues in the Central and Provincial Legislative Assemblies. To describe, as Mr. Brecher does, the Central Assembly between 1919 and 1947 as 'a façade for Viceroy's rule' is to show a complete misunderstanding of its importance and function.

Mr. Brecher is interested principally in Nehru as a politician, a member of the Congress Party and a parliamentarian and he deals with these aspects of his life fully and well. He is less interested and less happy in dealing with Nehru as an administrator and with the practical consequences of his political acts. No evidence is produced for the extremely dubious statement that his 'ceaseless attack on casteism' has undermined the caste system. Contact with the West, of which Nehru himself is one of the products, has undoubtedly modified the caste system, but it is very doubtful whether that system has, or ever will be, undermined. On the other hand it would appear unfair to blame Nehru for the failure of the Government to make more drastic reform of the system, or systems, of land tenure, or for the continued existence of the 'prevalent

corruption'. What is more important is the inadequacy of the account given of Nehru's refusal to agree to a Congress-Muslim League Coalition Government in the U.P. in 1937 and the lack of any mention of the fact that the Indian Government's intransigence over Kashmir and their refusal to hold a plebiscite there are due almost entirely to Nehru. From the one stemmed the Muslim League's bitterness, leading ultimately to partition, and from the other the continued threat of war to the sub-continent and the enormous burden of armaments on both Dominions. One consequence of Nehru's methods, which is fully recognized by the author, is his failure to train up a successor or to maintain the vitality of the Congress.

But far the most interesting thing in the book, as being entirely new, is the account given of Lord Wavell's plan for dealing with the Indian situation, which led to the 'termination' of his 'war-time' appointment as Viceroy. He proposed, so it is said, to retain British troops indefinitely in what is now West Pakistan, while giving independence to the rest of the sub-continent. This seems almost incredible, but it is 'based on conversations with former British officials'.

The book is a long one, of over 600 pages, and is full of information which is well documented. But it is written in an easy and attractive style and should be read by everyone interested in India's recent past. It should also be read by those who are inclined to speculate regarding India's future, though no adequate answer is given, or indeed can be given, to the questions 'After Nehru, who? After Nehru, what?'

Sir Francis Mudie served in the Indian Civil Service for many years and was Governor of West Punjab, 1947-49

Selected Journalism from the English Reviews. By Stendhal. Edited and with an introduction by Geoffrey Strickland. John Calder. 30s.

Stendhal lived in Paris through most of the eighteen-twenties and contributed regularly to such English reviews as the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *London Magazine* and the *Athenaeum*. His articles—a medley of acute literary criticism, social gossip and penetrating political comment—were published in English translation under a variety of pseudonyms. Only in the last fifty years has their authorship been authenticated. They comprise, Mr. Strickland claims in introducing a selection of them, 'some of the most remarkable literary criticism ever to have been written in France and a rarely surpassed account of a crucial phase in the development of European civilization'.

If this dual claim is not fully justified, there is evidence here that Stendhal had great insight and independence of judgment, and that in his criticism of Scott and Byron (twin heroes of French writers at this time), of Lamartine and Hugo, Constant and Chateaubriand, he forestalled the more mature verdicts of later ages. To write of Lamartine that he is 'the second greatest of living poets; but he is totally lacking in common sense', is a verdict more in tune with modern views than with those of 1825. To Stendhal a poet who, having been often to sea,

could write of sailors weighing anchor *after* setting sail, lacked that simple perceptiveness which he believed essential to all great literature.

The same impatience of lack of contact with reality pervades his political comments on France under the restored Bourbons. 'Canals are finding their way through our fields and melancholy into our drawing rooms'. He sees the hands of the Jesuits everywhere—in education, social customs and culture, no less than in politics and government. The overriding interest of these often rambling but usually tersely phrased articles is their revelation of the subtle interplay of culture and politics in this decade of 'social romanticism'. The battles of the dramatists and poets become inseparable from the conflicts of *Ultras*, Bonapartists and Liberals. The funeral of the great actor, Talma, becomes an important social precedent for not insisting that a coffin must enter a church on its way to the cemetery, and so a demonstration of anti-clericalism. Literary comment on such contemporary publications as the Comte de Ségur's account of the Napoleonic campaign of 1812 merges into political comment on the legends of Bonapartism.

Of general interest and value, too, are Stendhal's illuminating remarks on comparisons between England, Italy, and France: three countries of which he had close knowledge. His explanations of the connexion between espionage and reluctance to talk in Italy, or between social repression of women and their expressiveness of face which in Italy 'gives the work of her painters and sculptors a captivation and soul that are elsewhere inimitable', may be exaggerated or fanciful. But his comparison between the French landowner and the English squire comes near to the truth, and has a sound basis in the economic history of the two countries. These transient writings of the great novelist fully deserve the rescue work which Mr. Strickland has undertaken.

DAVID THOMSON

Bess of Hardwick

By E. Carleton Williams.

Longmans. 25s.

The wonder is that Bess of Hardwick has not before this attracted a competent biographer. Born thirteen years before Queen Elizabeth, she survived her by five, and the eighty-seven years of her very full life are unusually well documented. Four times married, she rose from poor gentry to be Countess of Shrewsbury; she mothered the great clan of Cavendish; and in an age of lavish building her splendid piles at Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall stood out for boldness and beauty. Intelligent, witty, grasping, devoted to part of her family but quarrelling violently with the rest, she springs as a living figure from the record. And as if this were not enough, she guarded Mary Queen of Scots for fifteen years and was the grandmother of Arabella Stuart, who nearly succeeded Elizabeth on the throne. Miss Williams has written the first worth-while life of this splendid character. She does not spare conjecture in Bess's younger years and allows sentimentality to break in at

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Journal of The Royal Institute of Philosophy (14 Gordon Square, WC1)

Edited by H. B. Acton

Vol. XXXIV, No. 130

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intervals; but 'psychology' is kept in bounds and the facts are presented with clarity and sense. Miss Williams is very good on her own particular subject—Derbyshire and its great houses—but she also manages to convey what it meant to be involved in the frightful cross-currents between Queen Elizabeth and her royal prisoner and works up some real excitement in the part of the story that deals with the impossible Arabella and her claim to the crown. Her book is a sober and reasonable narrative which never attempts to fill in the gaps with fancy.

Nevertheless, one is left patently dissatisfied. Miss Williams would wish to reverse the judgment of past historians who have seen Bess of Hardwick—with all her beauty, vigour, and ability—as a sharp-tongued termagant, a lover of political intrigue, and a greedy seeker after wealth. To her the Countess is more injured than injurious, especially in the quarrel with her last husband. Shrewsbury was certainly a weakly rancorous man and prematurely senile, but it is hard to take the Countess's deliberate spreading of a rumour that he had been Mary Stuart's lover with quite the admiration which Miss Williams bestows on it. She sees it (though she offers here no evidence) as a desperate expedient to rid the Earl of Mary's custody before a political storm engulfed him—the action of a careful, even a dutiful, wife. Yet this is to ignore that so wild an accusation (if Elizabeth had believed it) could easily have brought Shrewsbury to the block, and his subsequent hatred of his wife is not difficult to understand.

Altogether, the trouble with Miss Williams's picture of Bess is that it fails to convince. She never really comes to grips with the traditional view and cannot therefore overcome it; moreover, she is honest enough to provide enough examples of the sort of thing which has led others to take a less ladylike view of the Countess. In addition, it unfortunately proves true that where Bess of Hardwick is concerned sobriety will not suffice. Miss Williams has little sense of style: a string of facts arranged in short paragraphs and cut up by sections into short chapters do not make much of a book. There are too many clichés, too few insights. The Bess of tradition was a figure of beautiful flesh and formidable blood; Miss Williams's Bess hardly comes to life at all.

G. R. ELTON

The Critical Writings of James Joyce Edited by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellman. Faber. 25s.

Once I visited a good and great disciple of Joyce. She had done much to advance his work and I asked her about it as we sat talking in the salon. 'Ah', she said in changed tones, rising and motioning me towards an inner room, 'now that we are talking about him let us go in there'. This air of the arcanum informs most books relating to Joyce, and the present one is no exception. The profane reader will get little from it; the initiate will enjoy it. *The Critical Writings of James Joyce* is a collection of fifty-seven essays, lectures, book reviews, programme notes, letters to editors, poems, covering a lifetime. They range from a schoolboy's composition to an epilogue on Ibsen's *Ghosts*. Each critique is introduced by a critical editorial note, like loose covers for loose covers; the effect is slightly excessive at times, as in the case of

Joyce's political article on foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland which, say the editors, 'throws some light on the sympathy for cattle which he displays in *Ulysses*'. *Vive la vache!*

The chase has a beast in view, and the quarry is Joyce. For these are not the critical writings of a man who is much interested in his fellow-writers or in expounding them to the public. Joyce is interested in Joyce and, as his editors pertinently remark, 'Joyce's criticism is important because of what it reveals about Joyce. All writers are egocentric by necessity but Joyce is more so than most'. Even when he boldly champions the cause of Ibsen or Mangan he proudly takes his stand as the one and only Irish champion. Loneliness and only-ness were essential to his development. Only a deeply conservative people like the Irish could have produced such a rebellious son.

Where they have crouched and crawled and prayed
I stand the self-doomed, unafraid,
Unfellowed, friendless and alone,
Indifferent as the herring bone.

One may follow the growth and clarification of Joyce's ideas in these critical writings, some of which are here published for the first time. There is the angry young man of University College, Dublin, who denounces 'the sterility and falsehood of the modern stage' that is 'literally batten[ing] on the mental offal of its patrons', who foresees a drama that will be at war with convention, a drama dealing with 'real life'; for, however unheroic, life must be 'faced and lived'. There is the Joyce who wants summit-meetings with Ibsen and who will have no part in the national hopes and national theatre of his countrymen. 'A nation which never advanced so far as a miracle-play affords no model to the artist, and he must look abroad'. There is Joyce in exile, defending Ireland most when he most bitterly resents her, praising her great men and the storied beauty of her high places with a blistered tongue.

Joyce held comedy to be 'the perfect manner in art', yet how strangely serious, how artlessly heavy most of his collected critical writings are. 'In risu veritas', he once said; and in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* he showed himself the supreme playboy of the western word. The happiest, lightest, most Finneganaire of all these critical pieces is the one written in uncritical praise of his friend, the Irish-French tenor, O'Sullivan. He wanted lasting fame for this tenor, but ultimately O'Sullivan will be known only in the art of his musical friend, James Joyce. That is how it happens, however unintentionally; Joyce's critical writings, whoever and whatever they are about, always lead us back to himself. He reminds one of the musician who said to a friend, 'Here we have been all night talking about me. Let's talk about you for a change. Were you at my last concert?'

W. R. RODGERS

The Modern German Novel

By H. M. Waidson.

Oxford, for University of Hull. 15s.

This is a modest book with an ambitious title. It is in fact merely an extended essay about fiction in German since 1945, a limitation in time that clips the meaning of 'modern' as applied to the novel. Dr. Waidson presumably had the choice of writing in depth about a few novelists or of skimming over as many

authors as he could get into his survey. He has chosen the latter course. This will not suit everybody, but it does make his little book a useful introduction for those totally ignorant of contemporary German writing. By 'German novel' he means, of course, the novel written in German but not necessarily by German nationals. This is fortunate, since without the Austrians and the Swiss (Musil, Broch, Doderer, Frisch) there would only be Thomas Mann's last books between us and a very thin literary achievement.

The opening chapter provides an interesting sketch of the development of German fiction since Grimmshausen in the seventeenth century. It is Dr. Waidson's thesis that the German novel is less firmly rooted in realism than other European fiction, and he shows how the inclination to fantasy leads to Woolfian tenets, to 'the novelist's scepticism about the inevitable necessity of an ordered sequence of events in time'. The loss of sequence becomes a despair of dogma that finds form in Rilke's *Malte Laurids Brigge* and in Kafka—to mention only the leaders of the tormented. Perhaps Dr. Waidson could with some effect have referred here to Hofmannsthal's 'Chandos letter' of 1902, which expresses so directly the paralysis of a mind distracted by the multiplicity of experience. The German novel from Kafka to Broch was a determined effort to overcome that kind of paralysis, a search for fresh relationships and thus new values. It tried to conquer confusion by shaping it into precise linguistic equivalents. It even made art out of despair of art. The unfortunate characteristic of novelists since Broch has been their reluctance to experiment; the younger they are, the more traditional their methods.

Dr. Waidson emphasizes that his survey is selective, but I could wish there had been at least a mention of Friedrich Georg Jünger, whose novel *Der erste Gang* (1954) seems to me more worthy of attention than some that are dealt with here.

IDRIS PARRY

An Hour-glass on the Run

By Allan Jobson.

Michael Joseph. 18s.

For all that they lacked, one way and another, what was it the countrymen of yesterday enjoyed that is denied to us? Nothing, probably, we need regret the loss of; but they did have certain techniques and usages which, though no longer applicable, are of interest and even, up to a point, instructive. The anthropological way, in fact, is the best way of looking at the 'old-time' countryman; and perhaps that is how we should have reported him, years ago, when he was not quite so few and far between, instead of picturing him in those idealized portraits that were the fashion in country writing up to and including the 'thirties. Indeed, it is because George Bourne did so report him, in the Bettsworth books of more than half a century ago, that he is still so readable and rewarding.

Already it is too late to study at first-hand the countryman whose way of life was dictated by a pre-mechanized agriculture and the general distrust of anything urban that accompanied it: he scarcely exists any more. The best we can do now is to study him in the pages of those rare, on-the-spot records that somehow got

themselves written and published, such as John Clare's autobiographical fragments, the George Bourne books, Bewick's *Memoirs*, and certain essays by Jefferies. For the rest we must rely on books of early recollections and hearsay. One of the best of these (it may also be one of the last) is *An Hour-glass on the Run*. Not for nothing does Allan Jobson take his title from a Clare poem ('And what is life?') for he has something of Clare's realistic yet tenderly appreciative view of the countryman, his daily round and common task: the only difference (but of course it is all the difference in the world) is that, whereas Clare wrote of what he himself endured, Mr. Jobson writes of what he remembers from a childhood sixty years or so behind him and (even more chancy) from what he was told by those Suffolk grandparents who are his dominant theme. Still, he does avoid undue interpretation and comment, his narrative is in the main factual and concerned, mercifully, with the ordinary. He knows too that if there was peace in those days it was often allied to loneliness, and if there was contentment it was largely concomitant with poverty and the narrow horizon.

No doubt Mr. Jobson's grandparents, faithfully presented here, were typical of all poorish farming stock a hundred years ago, and the cottage economy they practised may be taken as a fair sample. Outstanding are the descriptions of the weekly bake, when mashed potatoes were mixed with the flour and the dough was sealed with the sign of the Cross; of the measures taken to counteract the penetrating cold, including brown paper sheets between the bed-clothes; of the abhorrence of washing any part of the body other than hands and feet and face; and of the primitive remedies that were the chief stay against illness. Nor does Mr. Jobson omit the knack those old country people had of salting their hardship with humour and even with poetry. If they were of strong character and robust constitution it was because only such could survive: the rest simply went under—and these, as the tombstones in any country churchyard will demonstrate, were the majority.

C. HENRY WARREN

S.T.E.P.S. By Robert Graves.

Cassell. 30s.

S.T.E.P.S. are stories, talks, essays, poems, and studies in history. The stories are good-humoured and comic and deal with the pleasantly Mediterranean ways of Majorcans. The talks are largely ill-humoured, and various works of the English poets are savaged for the delectation of American audiences. The essays are book reviews, which seem to get called essays nowadays (a literary-snobish and unfortunate tendency): also ill-humoured for the most part—Professor Loomis and the Panofsky are commended, but George Moore, Sir Herbert Read, and Mr. and Mrs. Dylan Thomas are very firmly put in their respective places. The poems, of course, are pure and free of personality—the centre-pole, as it were, of the bell-tent of Mr. Graves's reputation, which would hardly be a good wind risk without them: particularly fine is the ballad-poem 'Alexander and Queen Janet'. The historical studies are various and curious: the American Civil War, the Jews of Majorca, Mr. Graves's theory that the Emperor Claudius was poisoned by a death-cap mushroom.

In this constricted age a writer of such exu-

berant productivity tends to be suspect, or at least suspected. It may be said at once that the level of Mr. Graves's interest and originality remains quite extraordinarily high: both in quality and in quantity he is able to write almost all his fellows under the table. It must be added, though, that the author of S.T.E.P.S. has the dubious gift of the G.A.B. (Good And Bad). For the B at its worst we may consider his talk on 'Legitimate Criticism of Poetry'. Commissioned to speak at Mount Holyoke College, he decides to use the occasion to exercise his old hobby-horse, now amounting to the proportions of an obsessional hatred, of Milton. One enjoyed his attacks in the past on such genuinely 'legitimate' targets as Masefield, De la Mare, and Newbolt. It is a different matter when he tears into 'L'Allegro'.

His method is largely to consult his little finger ('I never argue with my little finger'), which tells him exactly what Milton's first draft looked like—he does not pause to consider that it can only tell him what Robert Graves's first draft of 'L'Allegro' would have looked like, and that, Graves and Milton being as utterly out of sympathy as two poets could be, these two drafts must differ widely. He then employs this occult information to demonstrate, first, what a thoroughly slack and incompetent first draft it was and, secondly, how much worse Milton's alterations (as we have them in the published text of 'L'Allegro') made it. Thus his little finger even decides for him (to his own entire satisfaction) that Milton carelessly shuffled up the pages of his MS., with the result that sixteen lines got shifted into an altogether wrong context!—'Here's a Miltonic discovery for the scholars to toss about—if they want something to toss about'.

The unscholarly reviewer would merely suggest gently that the supposed crux which leads Mr. Graves to this conclusion is entirely of his own making: he has read 'L'Allegro' in a modern edition instead of in the original edition of 1645, which is punctuated entirely differently and presents in this form no crux whatever (this from Mr. Graves who, in the case of Shakespeare, whom he admires, defends the original punctuation down to the last flagrantest printer's error!). And, secondly, even if this gross mistake had occurred, is it remotely likely that Milton, notoriously the most precise and exacting proof-reader of any English major poet, would have allowed it to rest uncorrected during the twenty-nine years of life remaining to him? The effect of the whole exercise is to leave Milton exactly where he was, or his position even a little enhanced, but decidedly to diminish Mr. Graves.

The G, on the other hand, is very G indeed. And where Mr. Graves is good is on his enthusiasms. He writes well about what he loves, in fact, and ill about what he hates. It is, at any rate, a sort of state of grace to be in.

HILARY CORKE

The Tanks. By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart.

2 Vols. Cassell. £3 10s. the set

These two volumes form the official history of the Royal Tank Regiment and its predecessors from 1914 to 1945; but they are regimental history with a difference. The tank is a weapon carrier, not merely a weapon; its introduction meant the addition of a new arm to warfare. The essential quality of the tank, arising from

its ability to move off the roads, is manoeuvrability; the effect of the new arm was to restore mobility to land warfare after two generations of weapon development in favour of the defensive had quite destroyed it in the shape of cavalry. Although a similar development had earlier taken place at sea with the advent of the powered and armoured ship, with reference to land war Captain Liddell Hart is right when he says that 'nothing so revolutionary in effect had occurred in warfare since the utilization of the horse, back in the mists of antiquity'. All this means that a history of the Tank Regiment can be nothing less than a study of the evolution of land warfare since the beginning of the twentieth century. That is what Captain Liddell Hart has provided. The details are all here, whether we want to look up technical developments, administrative matters, the growth of training and tactics or the course of an individual battle; but they are part of a penetrating general study of this latest phase in the history of war.

The tank, first used operationally in the Battle of the Somme in 1916 by the British Army, had made all existing land tactics obsolete by the end of the first world war. It had not yet succeeded in revolutionizing tactical thinking. During the second world war, now a much faster and more flexible instrument, it rapidly revolutionized strategy. But—except in Germany—strategic doctrines had not kept pace with the development of the tank, the tank had not yet taken its logical place in military planning, when the second world war began. The story told in these volumes accordingly falls into four parts.

It begins with an account of the conception of the tank, a complex process which can only be understood if the tank is seen, as Captain Liddell Hart sees it, not as a single invention but as the culmination of many imaginative and technical efforts at a time when the need to break the deadlock in land warfare had never been so strong and when mechanical engineering had but recently made such a break-through practicable. There follows a detailed analysis of the participation of the tank in the operations of the years 1916-18 and of its impact upon these operations.

The third part is a study of the fascinating and painful struggle of the new arm and of new ideas of high-speed armoured warfare to get themselves established in Great Britain in the period between the two wars—a struggle in which the author himself played a big role and of which he writes with a special authority. Finally, occupying the whole of the second volume and beginning with a necessarily brief analysis of the German victories with armour in 1939-40, we are given what amounts to a magnificent history of the second world war from the point of view of the ever-increasing importance of armoured forces and the ever-increasing acceptance of the new ideas of warfare which their existence and their achievements had at last made inescapable.

Captain Liddell Hart states in his preface that he spent a far longer time on this book than on any of his earlier ones. The effort has been worth while. His name will always be associated with the development of mechanized warfare; and it is fitting that he should be the author of what will long be an important historical work on the subject.

F. H. HINSLEY

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Planning

TWO EXCELLENT PIECES of dramatized social documentary this week. The longer and more ambitious, John Prebble's 'The Seventh Age' (Thursday), discussed the problems of old age by means of the 'typical' story of Granny Pearson. We saw this gallant, but not altogether easy, old lady lose her husband, then try the experiment of living with her son and daughter-in-law and their children; when this failed to work out, she attempts to live on her own once again; and when she finds she is now too frail to manage this, we see the son and daughter-in-law, much to their own relief if against their better inclinations, putting her into a public authority 'home'.

A lot of good solid social information was conveyed unobtrusively; and a number of not particularly pretty facts, both social and psychological, were faced openly. This was good documentary in that the characters were not in the least typed; they were sharply individual, composed of good and bad, and the conflicts and tensions between them were perfectly real and inescapable, not the usual faked-up things of Saturday-night melodrama. The weak point was perhaps Granny herself: unlike her splendid Cockney 'gossip' (as Chaucer would have called her), a magnificent old Roman battle-axe of a woman, she was rather too weepy and wambling to command all the requisite sympathy. 'East West', one felt inclined to say, 'a Home's best'.

Wednesday's 'Mock Auction' was shorter and attempted less, but within those limits could not have been bettered. The form had evidently been extremely carefully thought-out; and the exposure of the highly ingenious methods (always the same) by which the mock-auctioneer

in back street or fairground softens up the mugs to the point at which they are dazedly willing to put up good pound notes for pure trash was as clear as could be, and fascinating all the way. There was not a wasted word or a wasted shot. Perhaps it is worth noticing that author and producer were the same man, Robert Barr. And the moral of that is: when you get a good man, don't water him down into a committee.



Olga Lindo as the grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Pearson, in 'The Seventh Age' on July 2

Straight documentary also offered us plenty of variety. 'Right of the Line' (Wednesday) was billed as the story of the Royal Artillery 'from the arrows of the Battle of Crecy to the guided missiles of the present day'. But only the first five minutes were concerned with that; the remaining twenty were thinly disguised recruiting propaganda for the present-day service—well enough in its way, but not what we had been promised.

'Full Fathom Five' (Tuesday), an 'Eye on Research' programme on Pacific oceanography, tried to get too much in and succeeded

only in being bitty. It was also carelessly edited; for instance we were shown at the beginning an ingenious piece of apparatus for deep-ocean photography but waited in vain for samples of its prowess. This sort of thing defeats perfectly legitimate expectations. All concerned could study a run-through of 'Mock Auction' with advantage.

Probably the best-planned short item of the week was Wednesday's quarter-hour 'Viewpoint', about modern translations of the Bible. This was both informative and interesting and John Huxtable struck exactly the right note in assuming no previous knowledge in his audience but

at the same time a high degree of intelligence. The same could not be said, I am afraid, of Sir Gerald Kelly in the first of his 'Masterpieces of Portraiture' (June 28). This was wholly literary art-criticism (in the least complimentary sense of 'literary') and its only effect could be to provide wholly inartistic persons with quite the wrong sort of ammunition.

But in this medium life runs always neck and neck with art, and the real viewing of the week was Wimbledon. The titanic Laver-Mackay match in the semi-finals would almost be worth the cost of one's licence alone. Will one ever forget that incredible moment when Mackay, two sets to one against him and 2-5 down in the fourth, had already saved three match-points in a row when—well, when (I am sorry to say) a nanny-figure flashed on to the screen to inform us that, Children's Hour being now upon us, Dinky and Donky would duly be going Down to Devon. And one was obliged to switch to Another Channel that, though more faithless with its toddlers, yet showed greater tenderness to the twanging nerve-strings of its captive adults.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Strong Women

AS IF TO CHALLENGE what I was saying last week about the dependence of longer

plays on well-constructed narrative came Rudolph Cartier's production of Brecht's chronicle of the Thirty Years' War, *Mother Courage and her Children*, a play made up of seven loosely connected episodes extending over twelve years with no more dramatic foreshortening than is found in life itself.

This was a bold and intelligent production of a great work which, I believe, has only once before been professionally played in English in this country. That said, it remains to make the ungrateful observation that the production was centrally flawed by a persistent distortion for which the director and the adapter (Eric Crozier) must share responsibility. It was, above all, with their production of this play in London three years ago that the Berliner Ensemble won for Brecht delayed recognition: audiences were delighted to find it far more directly expressive than had been suggested by the prophets of *V-Effekt* and *A-Effekt*. Mr. Cartier and Mr. Crozier carried this reversal to the limit by ignoring the anti-illusionist form of the play altogether.

All the songs were excised with the exception of the marching chorus and Courage's lullaby over the dead Katrin, both of which served to intensify emotion, not to dispel it. Instead of displaying an advance synopsis before every scene, Mr. Cartier gave only a place name and a date, so that each episode invited the customary attitude: of 'Lo and behold; what happens next?' As a further means of drawing in the spectator, there was an opening commentary grimly outlining the conditions of life during the war, and scenes were linked with desolate shots of the ravaged countryside. This systematic attempt to tighten up the narrative line conflicted so fundamentally with the pace and idiom of the writing that it had the opposite of the intended effect, making the play look thoroughly dislocated.



Dervis Ward as the auctioneer and Frank Atkinson (right, in profile), as his assistant in 'Mock Auction' on July 1

Magnificently exempt from these charges was the designer, Clifford Hatts (who was also responsible some months ago for the astonishing settings of *Quatermass and the Pit*). Seeking a television equivalent to Brechtian 'space staging' he employed naturalistic foregrounds merging imperceptibly into stylized backgrounds that had the angular cramped formality of wood carvings. Within these settings the characters—and such important isolated properties as the flag standard and Courage's wagon—possessed both realist immediacy and the faculty, if I may use the jargon, of being 'distanced'.

Most of the cast inclined to one extreme or the other. The groups of soldiers, for instance, almost became a part of the period background. Mr. Cartier is the master of crowd production on television, and his shots of starved Brueghel-like figures shuffling miserably over the blackened earth were intrinsically memorable, even though they gave a sentimental emphasis to the contrast between appalling physical privation and the bluff stoicism cultivated by characters long accustomed to it.

Rupert Davies played the Cook with brazen opportunistic likability, and no inclination whatever to interpret catastrophe as tragedy. This was an entirely just performance. I also enjoyed Georgia Brown as the prostitute, Yvette, whose transformation into the colonel's over-dressed widow, carrying her stomach before her and affecting a slurred French drawl, was expertly managed. Olive MacFarland, in the wonderful part of the mute Kattrin, played openly for sympathy; instead of the dull ox-like dummy, she presented a sweet appealing girl whose disfiguration and death bought pathos at far too cheap a price.

The casting of Flora Robson as the indestructible old *vivandière* glaringly illustrates how ill-equipped we are with leading actresses. *Mother Courage* is a character as real as a pair of old boots; Miss Robson played her gamely, but with no feeling whatever for the tough, weathered essence of the part; condescension is not the word, but it was apparent that she had no real worries about her stock, and no love of the Cook's company. And yet, if the part is not



Scene from *Mother Courage* on June 30, with (left to right) Olive MacFarland as Kattrin, Flora Robson as 'Mother Courage', Timothy Bateson as 'Swiss Cheese', and Richard Shaw as Eilif

Miss Robson's, who else among our senior actresses could play it? If the normality of the play eluded her, its moments of crisis were well within her reach. Her grief-stricken collapse at the execution of her son, and the smiling agony of her refusal to identify the body, momentarily lifted into sublimity a performance that had no roots in ordinary life.

This has been a week for strong women. After *Mother Courage* came *Black Chiffon*, Lesley Storm's introduction to the psychology of kleptomania, a trusty old favourite in which Miss Robson scored one of her more characteristic triumphs. In last week's production it was Jane Baxter, delicately agitated, who led the well-bred Christie family up to the muddy water and refrained from pushing them into it. A good stark performance by Ralph Michael as the unspeakable father stood out among a generally under-rehearsed company.

Strong as the two foregoing ladies are they cannot compete with the heroine of Joseph Schull's *The Concert*. Blinded as a nurse during the war, and fighting her way back to independence so as to found a school for the blind dedicated to fostering universal brotherhood, she is weighed down with every virtue in the book; and the Negro writer with whom she enjoys intimate conversation has an almost equal share of the author's approval. He fairly coerces you into sympathy with the couple; but their grandiloquence and Mr. Schull's limitless perspective of flash-backs freezes it at the source. Diane

Cilento and Earl Cameron did their best.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

'Dolls and Diggers

ACTING ON THE RADIO is a rather thankless business and there must be quite a few listeners who believe that radio actors merely get together over cups of coffee and indulge in a little histrionic play reading. As there is a continuing supply of new dramatic material and as the drama department has not yet worked through the existing repertoire, there is not the opportunity, as there is in the theatre, to compare performances by different actors in the same part. Occasionally a lone performance makes a deep impression because the listener can feel the depth of the radio actor's penetration of a part.



Diane Cilento (seated) as Anne, Earl Cameron as Dr. Jennings, and Louise Collins as Jennie in *The Concert* on July 5

When these occasions present themselves I try to comment on them but I am always aware that singling out is unfair because the rehearsing of a play may involve for every member of the cast a solid week's work. Sometimes there is not merely one performance that stands out but a curious sensation which has nothing to do with the effects used or the pace of the production. Corresponding to the sensation of tension which is evoked in the theatre when a cast is suddenly set, there is an evocation of presence.

I felt this presence in the production of Mr. Saunders Lewis's *Treason* and I felt it again in Mr. Frederick Bradnum's production of Ibsen's *A Doll's House* (Third, July 3). The cause of it may have been Miss Jill Bennett's determination to excel—as she did—in a portrayal of Nora. Her determination seemed to have infected the rest of the cast and Mr. Jack May as Torvald, her husband, gave a brilliantly complementary performance. I have used the word 'complementary' deliberately because Nora is not only the principal figure dramatically but the centre of the battlefield for and against the female emancipation which intrigued the author. Miss Bennett maintained Nora's gentleness to the last and thus replaced the sense of outraged



Jane Baxter as Alicia Christie and Geoffrey Keen as Bennett Hawkins in *Black Chiffon* on July 4



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actuality which once made the play a social sensation with a sense of the true comedy. Mr. May's Torvald was so rightly played that one felt that he deserved everything that happened to him. Behind the protagonists the depth of character in Krogstad (Mr. John Gabriel) and Dr. Rank (Mr. Richard Williams), who do more than supply holes in a dramatic plot, makes this play Ibsen's most totally realized artistic work. Dr. Rank's acceptance of his illness as some kind of retribution and his final walling up of himself against life is almost a play on its own. Both he and Krogstad make indirect comment on the half-life of the Helmers.

Mr. Bruce Stewart has finally written a classic. *Shadow of a Pale Horse*, which was produced by Mr. R. D. Smith, used the Flying Doctor territory as its background but used it in the way that the film, *The Ox-Bow Incident*, uses the Western scene. The play was once more occupied, as Mr. Stewart's previous plays have been, with the problem of justice. A community isolated in the Australian outback at the time of the first settlements is faced with the task of judging Jem Langan, a ticket-of-leave man circumstantially accused of the murder of Bart Rigger, a farmer's son.

The community faces deadlock and a possible lynching because Mr. Rigger wants justice and retribution. Jem's boss, Kirk, protests his innocence. Condringer, a mystic who has taken to the desert, solves the deadlock by making the town set up its own law court. To ensure objectivity he makes Kirk prosecute and Mr. Rigger defend Jem. Though Kirk becomes convinced Jem is guilty and wins the case, Mr. Rigger believes Jem's story that another man on a pale horse did the deed. Kirk, who is something of a lay preacher, sees the pale horse as a vision of the horse of death from the Apocalypse.

Jem is finally hanged judicially and Kirk, who is proud of his work, invites his fellow citizens to a drink. As they refuse somewhat moodily one hears one of those rare moments in radio listening. Horse's hooves are heard in the street. The horse which had been likened to a vision is a terrible reality. It carries into town a dead man strapped to the saddle. It is clear that he must have been the shadow on a pale horse and that Jem has died in vain.

Apart from the fact that Mr. Stewart used one of the oldest sound clichés (horse's hooves) and got away with it, it should also be noted that his setting in Australia in the early days of settlement allowed him to use a cast which had widely varying accents. These are of course technical points only and are of minor consideration beside the fact that *Shadow of a Pale Horse* was really a compelling and remarkable work.

Mr. Lennox Robinson's *The White Blackbird* (Home, July 2) was a rage in the 'twenties and contained lots of fast and daring talk. It has lost much of its punch but Mr. Ronald Mason's production overcame the slackening of time by rattling the words along. The production was extremely fast and required energy and a clarity of diction which every member of the cast gave to it.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Americana

'THE AMERICAN-NESS of American literature'—sub-title to George Steiner's talk last week—strikes the ear as a not unfamiliar refrain nowadays in transatlantic literary criticism. Why does it have to be insisted on so often? I suppose the basic reason is simply the fact of a major culture having to struggle with an inherited language. If American civilization is to English as Roman to Greek, or Japanese to Chinese, it has the added disadvantage of having to forge

its own way of speech out of a language which it did not make. One of the oddest effects of the printed word on human development has been its comparative arrestation of languages: it has abolished the illiterate, half-articulate foundry from which new ones can emerge.

But what struck me most, once again, after listening to Mr. Steiner, was the curiously rich and ambiguous quality of the dividends which the American writer has been able to reap from his disadvantages. First, his innocence: he can always feel himself to be a noble savage, a Huron, confronted by the degenerate, corrupt, or over-sophisticated stock from which he sprang. Next—and in reverse—he can feel, with all civilized tradition at his beck, that in many senses he is more truly European than any mere individual European could ever be. This ambivalence seems to haunt the larger works of Henry James, and it is very much there in Eliot and Pound. The burden of Mr. Eliot's strictures on Blake or Lawrence seems to be: well, after all, he was a *native*, so what can you expect?

Mr. Pound is of course the most cultured cosmopolite of the lot. He is also, without question, the most accomplished poet of the century. And the first of a series of his 'Readings and Recollections' (recorded and introduced by D. G. Bridson) not only showed up some of his powers as an entertainer, but cheerfully demolished some of the more familiar legends, or put them into clearer focus. Pound the literary factotum recalled that 'no established publisher has ever accepted a manuscript on my recommendation'. And Pound the familiar oracle and mentor of Eliot, Yeats—and Hemingway—turned out to be the indefatigable teacher and nurturer of many a forgotten talent as well. In fact, he seems to have been willing enough to help anyone anxious to learn, and one wonders if any other figure of his time has given more in this respect, or taken less.

It is this generosity which gives his criticism, however ruthless or strenuous, the quality of a personal spree, where Mr. Eliot's so often has the whiff of an *auto-da-fé* about it. Perhaps the most entertaining items in this programme were the animadversions on Shaw, the Webbs, and Fabianism. Being a law-giver (and outlaw) in his own right, Mr. Pound naturally could not tolerate this species. His picture of Mrs. Webb: 'We've settled what to do with the infants, nursing mothers, the sick and the pensioners—but what are we going to do about the able-bodied?'—was as unfair and as telling as his epitaph on Shaw: 'I strove with all, for all were worth my strife. Nature I loathed, and next to Nature, Art. I chilled both feet on the thin ice of life . . . Unfortunately, the climactic line isn't printable. Nor was it, in fact, quite so much to the point.

'Matters of Moment' this week devoted itself to the burning question of take-over bids; and the result was a contest of closed minds and clenched teeth between Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., on the one hand, and Sir Frederic Hooper (of Schweppes) and Mr. Geoffrey Cunliffe (late of British Aluminium) on the other, with Kenneth Harris acting as breathless referee to a scrap that kept going into clinches—not to mention clichés. What with the latter, and the all-round determination to push points without necessarily trying to prove them, not much emerged from all this to enlighten the ignorant listener. What he did learn he might have guessed; for instance, that take-over bids are no newer a thing than picture sales at Sotheby's. They just happen to have hit the news lately. Out of five big take-overs in recent years, three have been ignored by the headlines: another instance of that unpredictable relationship between the importance of facts and their news-value of the moment.

The moral of it all seemed to be: if you are

a business, don't hide your assets or plough back your profits, or else you become one of the dark horses of industry, to be bought over one time or another. Compared with this, 'Political Correspondent', René Cutforth's composite portrait in 'People Today', was the soul of enlightenment, British fair-play and phlegm: as straightforward and above-board as a day at Wimbledon or Lord's.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Distinguished Females

THE RELAY of Cherubini's *Medea* from Covent Garden last week (Third Programme) was acutely stimulating, acting on the nerves like the stab of a stiletto. It still haunts the memory. By the end there was one overmastering image of grandeur and beauty left paramount. By comparison with that nothing else mattered. It was not to be found in the beauty of the voices of Joan Carlyle and Jon Vickers; nor in the compelling dramatic fervour that Maria Meneghini Callas expended upon her extraordinary presentation of the name-part.

This wonderful quality of classic dignity and romantic eloquence was in the music, and it was Cherubini who became the central figure, the hero, of the work. In a flash one realized the rightness of Beethoven's intuitive admiration for Cherubini's music. The effect that night would have been still more startling without Lachner's nineteenth-century recitatives replacing the original dialogue. But perhaps that is asking too much of opera singers who seldom effect the change from song to speech and back again easily nor, when they do speak, manage to convey more than commonplace feelings. But whenever Cherubini had things to himself the quality of the opera at once regained height; notably in the orchestral movements such as the overture and the passionate introduction to the third act, all of which sounded very moving as played that night under Nicola Rescigno. Much has been written of the acting of Mme Callas. Judged purely as singing her performance as *Medea* was of absorbing interest, sometimes charming when the music allowed her to keep for an appreciable spell to one register, more often arresting, and at length building up to a solidly constructed image of terror.

After *Medea*'s fearful ravings it was with relief that one put one's mind back twenty-four hours to the entertaining story of a plain German princess and her love of music (June 29, Third). She was Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, wife of George III, and with her adviser Frederick Nicolay she laid the foundations of the Royal Music Library. They say that when she came over here, that September, dutifully to marry and—though that blessing was hidden from her—to become mother of 'Prinny', the crossing from Cuxhaven was particularly beastly and the boat long delayed. She spent the wearisome hours, it seems, playing her harpsichord. *Medea* herself showed no greater fortitude in the fell presence of adversity.

The concert of works selected by Mr. Hyatt King from Queen Charlotte's collection of manuscript and printed works, now in the British Museum, suggested that she was a useful patron rather than an inspiring mentor of young composers. As an arbiter of taste in stuffy Hanoverian London she could have influenced things. But in reality she was just a wealthy collector. She knew what she liked; and on the evidence of this concert it appears to have been a weak solution of charm and elegant vivacity, easy to swallow and more amusing to play than to hear. For instance, a sonata by Clementi, attractively played by that admirable pianist Robin Wood, though needing a Michelangeli to fill out the

empty little movements with marvels of phrasing dynamics. Most interesting was the news that Charlotte knew of the existence of certain women composers of her day and fostered their work. There was in this programme a finely built violin sonata by Jane Guest which was as expert as anything in Ethel Smyth's Chamber music.

A few hours earlier an entrancing concert of music from the late sixteenth century court of Ferrara displayed another, quite different, type of patronage. This was all madrigals, fluently sung by the Ambrosian Singers under Denis

Stevens, a succession of fine works by Monteverdi and others with an exquisite, rather plain work by Gesualdo and some surprising pieces by Luzzaschi.

Two new overtures commissioned for the Light Music Festival made their appearance on Saturday evening. Gordon Jacob's *Fun Fare* is what its title suggests, the kind of fare one expects from this composer who knows as much as does any musician working at present in this country the fun to be got from making a completely expert orchestral score and from expressing high spirits in a few ideas dressed out in

gay, extrovert music. This is a display piece; it shows off an orchestra's virtuosity and, well played as it was that evening, it is an amusing experience for connoisseurs of that sort of entertainment. Berkeley's new piece, which followed it after an hour's mixed bill, is baldly styled *An Overture* and thus gives no clear clue to its intentions. Not unexpectedly it is finer line-drawing than the Gordon Jacob work and also less immediately warming. The brow is worn a millimetre higher. For sheer craftsmanship in technique of orchestral display there is nothing to choose between the two.

SCOTT GODDARD

Italian Court Music in the Renaissance

By DENIS ARNOLD



A programme of music from the Court of Mantua will be broadcast at 9.40 p.m. on July 15 (Third)

ONE OF THE most pleasing things about the cities of northern Italy is that they have little feeling of being provincial. The slightly defensive attitude of the northern Englishman, the inferiority complex of the provincial Frenchman are both foreign to the Italian, who speaks his native dialect with the serene confidence born of the certain knowledge that his city owes no allegiance to a distant capital. There are good historical reasons for his confidence. Less than two centuries ago not only the larger centres such as Milan and Venice, but also smaller cities such as Ferrara, Mantua, and Parma, were capital cities in their own right. Although their states may have been small, the Gonzagas of Mantua and the Estensi of Ferrara and Modena considered themselves no less important than any king or prince; and if it was too expensive for them to equip themselves with mighty armies, they could at least surround themselves with the life of a brilliant court, full of painters, architects, poets, and musicians.

Monarch and Musician

These little courts are of vital importance for the musical historian, since the whole development of the madrigal and of the opera owed a great deal to the tastes of the various rulers of these dukedoms and principalities. There was, in fact, a close relationship between monarch and musician, who often knew each other very well. This had both advantages and disadvantages. Of the disadvantages, perhaps the greatest was the intermittancy of the patronage. In the larger cities of Venice or Rome it hardly mattered to the musician who was Doge or Pope. The ruler was too busy to attend to his court music, and the establishment of musicians remained much the same in quantity and quality. In Mantua we see the reverse. When Vincenzo I was alive the music was brilliant; when he died it deteriorated sadly—and ascended as quickly a few years later. At Ferrara the enthusiasm of Duke Alfonso II gave rise to a court music which could scarcely be matched throughout Europe. On his death, there were difficulties about the succession to the throne, and the court music completely disappeared for a time, to be revived only on a much smaller scale at Modena, where the court was resumed. A small disadvantage, but one of some importance, was the fact that the composer could suffer from a form of musical inbreeding. The musicians were too small a circle to inspire one another, and in a small court there were hundreds of petty quarrels and squabbles.

In spite of such things, an intimate court was

highly attractive to musicians. The audience it provided was small but often highly educated. Not all the princes could claim to be as musical as Guglielmo Gonzaga who took a gentleman's correspondence course with Palestrina; but many of them were well informed, and had interested themselves in the problems being discussed in the learned academies. At Venice and Rome the very continuity of tradition meant conservative attitudes. In Venice it took twenty years for monody to establish itself, while Florence took to it straight away. When the Republic did appoint an advanced musician to be *maestro di cappella* in St. Mark's, it was Monteverdi, well over forty and rapidly becoming one of the old guard.

Highly Educated Audience

At Mantua, Ferrara, and Florence, the highly educated audience provided the composers with an atmosphere which constantly encouraged experiment and innovation. At Ferrara the academic discussions about Greek music resulted directly in the construction of a chromatic harpsichord on which to reproduce the ancient modes and *genere*. The composers who had a chance to experiment with this instrument were those who changed the whole character of the madrigal, from its suave Netherlandish manner to the excitement and passion which we find in the madrigals of Gesualdo and Marenzio. In Mantua the experiments were concerned with Greek theories about the treatment of words. There, composers tried to discover how far the words could be made audible in ensemble music; and how far the conventional rules of dissonance could be ignored when expressing the meaning of exciting poetry. At Florence similar discussions resulted in the birth of monodic song and its application to the new art-form of opera. None of these experiments could have taken place without a highly educated audience, and, even more, an intimate atmosphere where musicians and humanist courtiers could mix with one another and discuss the future of music.

In retrospect, it is these progressive ideas which seem to make these small courts important. To the sixteenth-century observer, the main attraction of court music rested elsewhere. As ever, it was the performer who was constantly in the limelight, and the virtuoso singers and players found employment mainly at courts where it had become a question of prestige to have them. Singers were sought from Austria or Spain, brought from these foreign climes at great expense, and paid their return fare if this proved necessary. Their voices were inspected with the minute concentration which seems to be an

integral part of Italian opera. This singer was safe but forced his voice in the ornaments; that one had no trill; yet another had a lovely voice but was a very imperfect musician. These not very exalted subjects were the news of the courts, and the composers had to provide music to show off the qualities of the singers. This, one suspects, was as important as the Greek theories of the academies in developing monody.

The other thing which attracted the sixteenth-century musician to the court was the opportunity of taking part in great festival performances. For a prince to marry off his children or to take a wife without some spectacular show was unthinkable. The enthusiasms of a mistress, it was rumoured, were enough to set in train the production of a play with music. At least, according to one account, this was the reason for Guarini's *Il pastor fido* being rehearsed in the courtyard of the Palazzo del Tè in Mantua. The dress rehearsal required hundreds of torches to light the scene and rich tapestries to cover up the bare walls—whereupon the Duchess is reputed to have put her foot down and prevented an actual performance. Sumptuous music again was needed and musicians were sent for from Venice and Verona, Ferrara and Florence.

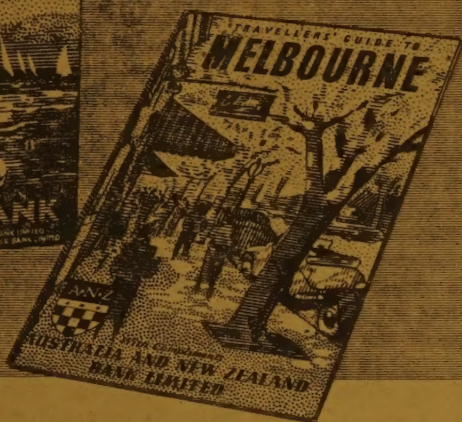
Birth of a New Art

It was from these roots—intellectual discussion, love of virtuosity, and desire for great splendour—that the new art of opera sprang; and it is typical that it was first developed at the smaller courts, before the larger ones of Rome and Venice saw its possibilities. But although the birth of a new art-form might be considered enough for these small courts to have brought about, perhaps the greatest change we owe to them was a new sense of respect for the listener. The older polyphonic church music of the previous generations is so intricate, even at its simplest, that only by participating in it can we fathom its power. The new court composers invested music with a new simplicity, a new sense of contrast and variety which strikes immediately at our hearts.

The early operas and ballets of these courts are for the most part beyond revival today. They are like the vast palaces and castles which dominate these small towns, too big to be anything but museums. Yet as these museums contain beautiful things, so can we find among the madrigals of Ferrarese and Mantuans many which can be brought to life. Admittedly they require virtuosity. Why should we not pay our homages by giving it to them?



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Bridge Forum

One No Trump—Weak and Strong

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



JUST AS CHESS PLAYERS are unable to arrive at any certainty about so fundamental a question as what is the best opening move, bridge players have many different theories about the best way to use an opening One No Trump. We will look first at the slightly old-fashioned, middle-of-the-road method of the Acol system.

Acol follows the simple notion that One No Trump is the natural bid on balanced hands that are not particularly strong. The bid is descriptive and also difficult to combat, because it is always risky for the next player to overcall. Thus the standard strength, not vulnerable, is 13 to 15 points. The bid is made freely on any hand of 4-3-3-3, 4-4-3-2, or 5-3-3-2 distribution that falls within these limits and does not contain a weak doubleton. Vulnerable, the requirements are raised to 16-18. The reason is that should partner be very weak the 13-15 No Trump bidder may be doubled and go three or four down. The risk of a big penalty is not worth taking especially against non-vulnerable opponents.

This general style of playing a stronger No Trump vulnerable than not is often referred to as the 'variable' No Trump.

A school of modern players is prepared to accept the risk of an occasional penalty when vulnerable for the advantage of opening a weak No Trump at any score. As we have noted, One No Trump, as well as being an exposed bid, is one that places the opposition in some jeopardy. Those players who are prepared to open a vulnerable No Trump on 13 points claim that for every 800 they lose they pick up an equal penalty against opponents who are too ready to enter the auction against a No Trump that is known to be weak. In particular, when the weak No Trump is followed by two passes, fourth hand must not press too quickly on the doubling trigger: the partner of the No Trump bidder may well be playing possum with the balance of the outstanding strength.

The weak No Trump is a device of tournament rather than of rubber bridge players. In America the strong No Trump is universal outside the tournament world, and in Britain it is at least as popular as the variable No Trump. The strength is usually in the 17-18 point range.

No doubt, average players derive a sense of security from their strong No Trump, but the appearance of simplicity is an illusion. When

an opening No Trump is excluded on balanced hands of moderate strength, a host of artificial and prepared bids have to be made so that the opener will have a sound rebid.

Another method that is used by some tournament players is to bid One No Trump at any vulnerability on 15-17. The choice of these limits is determined by a general theory of constructive bidding whereby weaker balanced hands are shown by a rebid of One No Trump, as, for example, in a sequence such as One Club—One Heart—One No Trump. Now the opener is understood to have 13-14 points; with a stronger hand he opens One No Trump.

We can do nothing but repeat what we said at the beginning of this article—that players at all levels have different theories about the No Trump opening. We can, however, record certain tendencies: among tournament players there is a move away from the strong No Trump towards a weak No Trump at any score except vulnerable against not: most rubber bridge players remain faithful to their strong No Trump.

Next week's article will describe modern ideas in responding to One No Trump.

Two Poems by Stevie Smith

The Best Beast of the Fat Stock Show
at Earls Court

The Best Beast of the Show

Is fat

He goes by the lift

They all do that.

This lift, large as a room

(Yet the beasts bunch)

Goes up with a groan

They have not oiled the winch

Not yet to the lift

Goes the Best Beast

He has to walk on the floor

To make a show first

Great are his horns

Long his fur

The Beast came from the North

To walk here

Is he not fat?

Is he not fit?

Now in a crown he walks

To the lift

When he lay in his pen

In the close heat

His head lolled, his eyes

Were not shut for sleep.

Slam the lift door

Push it up with a groan

Will they kill the beast now?

Where has he gone?

When he lay in the straw

His heart beat so fast

His hide heaved, I touched his hide

As I walked past.

I touched his hide

I touched the root of his horns

The breath of the Beast

Came in low moans.

Thoughts on the Christian
Doctrine of Eternal Hell

Is it not interesting to see

How the Christians continually

Try to separate themselves in vain

From the doctrine of eternal pain?

They cannot do it,

They are vowed to it,

Their Lord said it,

They must believe it.

So the vulnerable body is stretched

without pity

On flames for ever. Is this not pretty?

The religion of Christianity

Is mixed of sweetness and cruelty

Reject this Sweetness for she wears

A smoky dress out of hell fires.

Who makes a god, who paints him thus?

It is the Christian religion does.

Oh oh have none of it

Blow it away, have done with it.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Apricot and Ginger Jam

I FOUND THIS RECIPE in an old book, and although I have tried others with varying success this original one remains a firm favourite. You need:

- 2 lb. of dried apricots
- 5 pints of cold water
- 7 lb. of preserving sugar
- 4 lemons
- a few shredded almonds

Wash the apricots and put them into a large basin, covering them with water, and let them soak for three days. This may seem a long time, but it really makes the fruit soft and tender when cooked. After this soaking, put the water and fruit into a preserving pan with the sugar, then add the grated lemon rind and the strained juice. Bring slowly to the boil, stirring all the time, then boil briskly for twenty to thirty minutes, or until the jam sets when tested.

I always add a few shredded almonds to this jam as they give a delicious flavour, but of course they can be omitted; if you use them, add them with the lemon. The recipe I have given should make about 13 lb. of jam; if you do not want as much you can safely halve all the quantities. It is an excellent jam for storing.

MOLLY WEIR

Chicken Salad

A favourite summer dish with many people is Chicken Salad. I use left-over cold chicken. Take the bone and skin away and cut it in thin pieces. Have one or two celery hearts (it depends on the amount of chicken) cut in small pieces, some skinned walnuts, and one gill of real mayonnaise flavoured with very thinly chopped watercress. Mix it all together. I surround the

bowl in which I put the chicken with hard-boiled eggs and tomato slices, and decorate the top with sprigs of watercress.

MARIE-JEANNE

Tomato and Marrow Casserole

Tomatoes should now be getting cheaper. Try them in a tomato and marrow casserole, which is a simple dish to make and just as good on the second day reheated. Fill a deep casserole dish with slices of thick, unskinned marrow, well seasoned, and then some chopped tomatoes, again well seasoned. Add a little butter to the top layer—which should be tomatoes—and put the covered dish, with no water, into a low oven for about an hour. This marrow and tomato casserole is specially good if you drain off the liquor and use it to make a sauce.

JUNE JAY

A Cloth for Drying Silver

This is a recipe for impregnating a cloth so you can dry up the table silver and polish it at the same time.

You need a piece of bath towelling about eighteen inches square. Then put into a bowl:

- 2 teacups of warm water
- 2 tablespoons of household ammonia
- 2 rounded teaspoons of plate powder

When the powder is dissolved, put in the towel. An eighteen-inch square just about absorbs the solution. Hang the cloth up, and when it is bone dry it is ready for use. Wash the silver as usual in hot soapy water, give it a quick rinse in fresh hot water, and rub it dry with your pink towel. You finish with a very good shine. When the cloth begins to look dirty, wash it and treat it again. If the silver is

properly washed, the cloth lasts at least a week—probably a little longer.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

FRANCIS WATSON, O.B.E. (page 43): in India from 1938-46, during war in Department of Information and Broadcasting; author of *Talking of Gandhiji*, *Dawson of Penn*, *Daniel Defoe*, etc.

F. S. NORTHEGE (page 44): Lecturer in International Relations, London University
ALASTAIR BURNET (page 44): on the editorial staff of *The Economist*

H. S. W. MASSEY, F.R.S. (page 51): Quain Professor of Physics and Director of Laboratories, London University; author of *Atoms and Energy*, etc.

LEONARD WOOLF (page 53): literary editor, *Political Quarterly* (joint editor, 1931-58); author of *Principia Politica*, (with James Strachey) *Letters of Virginia Woolf* and *Lytton Strachey*, etc.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN (page 55): Lecturer in French, London University

E. L. E. PAWLEY (page 57): Head of Engineering Services Group, B.B.C.; Chairman of the Technical Committee of European Broadcasting Union since 1952

R. T. WILKINSON (page 59): on the staff of the Applied Psychology Research Unit, Cambridge

J. M. COHEN (page 62): writer, translator and critic; editor and consultant to Penguin Books; author of *Penguin Book of Comic and Curious Verse*, *More Comic and Curious Verse*, *Penguin Book of Spanish Verse*, *Robert Browning*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,519.

Fractionary

By UtdtU

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



This puzzle is based on the cycles of proper fractions with prime denominators expressed as recurring fractions in varying scales of notation.

The letters A to N each represent different primes not exceeding 100, and the letters P to W each represent different scales of notation not exceeding 10.

The clues consist of the numerator, in brackets, followed by the denominator (both expressed in scale 10), the scale of notation and the length of the recurring period in that scale. The order of the clues is no indication of their position in the diagram.

CLUES

- (B—F)/A, P, 13
- (D—U)/B, R, 13
- (E+T)/C, T, 3
- (J—E)/C, R, 5
- (L—U)/C, R, 5
- (K—T)/C, U, 6
- (J+U)/C, Q, 15
- (A—N)/C, S, 15
- (L—E)/C, P, 15
- (E+M)/C, P, 15
- (H—L)/D, S, 5
- (E—U)/E, P, 2
- (L—P)/E, W, 5
- (K—U)/F, S, 4

- (K—M)/F, S, 4
- (P+Q)/F, S, 4
- (N—L)/F, P, 5
- (C+R)/F, P, 5
- (L+P)/G, R, 3
- (D—P)/G, S, 6
- (P+M)/H, U, 3
- (L—R)/H, Q, 6
- (K—E)/H, Q, 6
- (M+S)/J, Q, 3
- (K—Q)/K, R, 4
- (E—P)/K, R, 4
- (P—T)/K, R, 4
- (J—S)/K, P, 6
- (J—Q)/K, P, 6
- (L—S)/L, R, 8
- (J—P)/L, V, 8
- (P—U)/M, S, 2
- (L—P)/N, P, 3
- (F—T)/N, P, 3

Solution of No. 1,517

M	L	R	T	K
E	I	Y	2	0
3	4	A	5	I
D	D	M	P	S
A	6	E	7	U
8	E	9	E	10
G	K	H	L	N
U	11	0	12	C
13	B	14	A	15
A	16	0	17	L
18	U	19	A	20
P	G	D	L	R
0	21	E	22	1
23	0	24	L	25
T	S	V	D	I

NOTES

The famous persons in clue order are: HUME, HUGO, OVID, KANT, MORE, COOK, BACH, LAUD AND LAMB.

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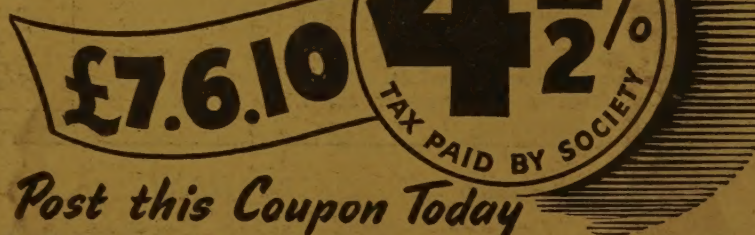
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